

The PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY: SUMMER NUMBER

JUN 8 1909

SUMMER READING

1909

Being the Summer Number
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Street, New York City, 1909

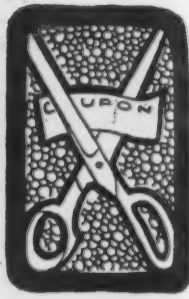
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R. R. Bowker, Publisher

A.E.R.

Ready in June



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this Summer



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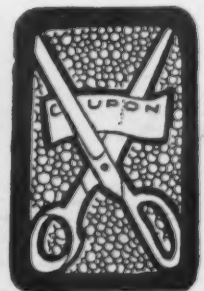
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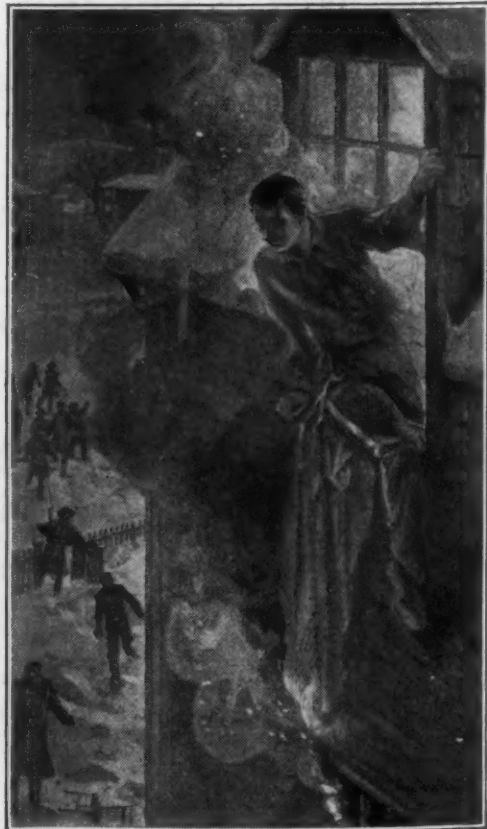
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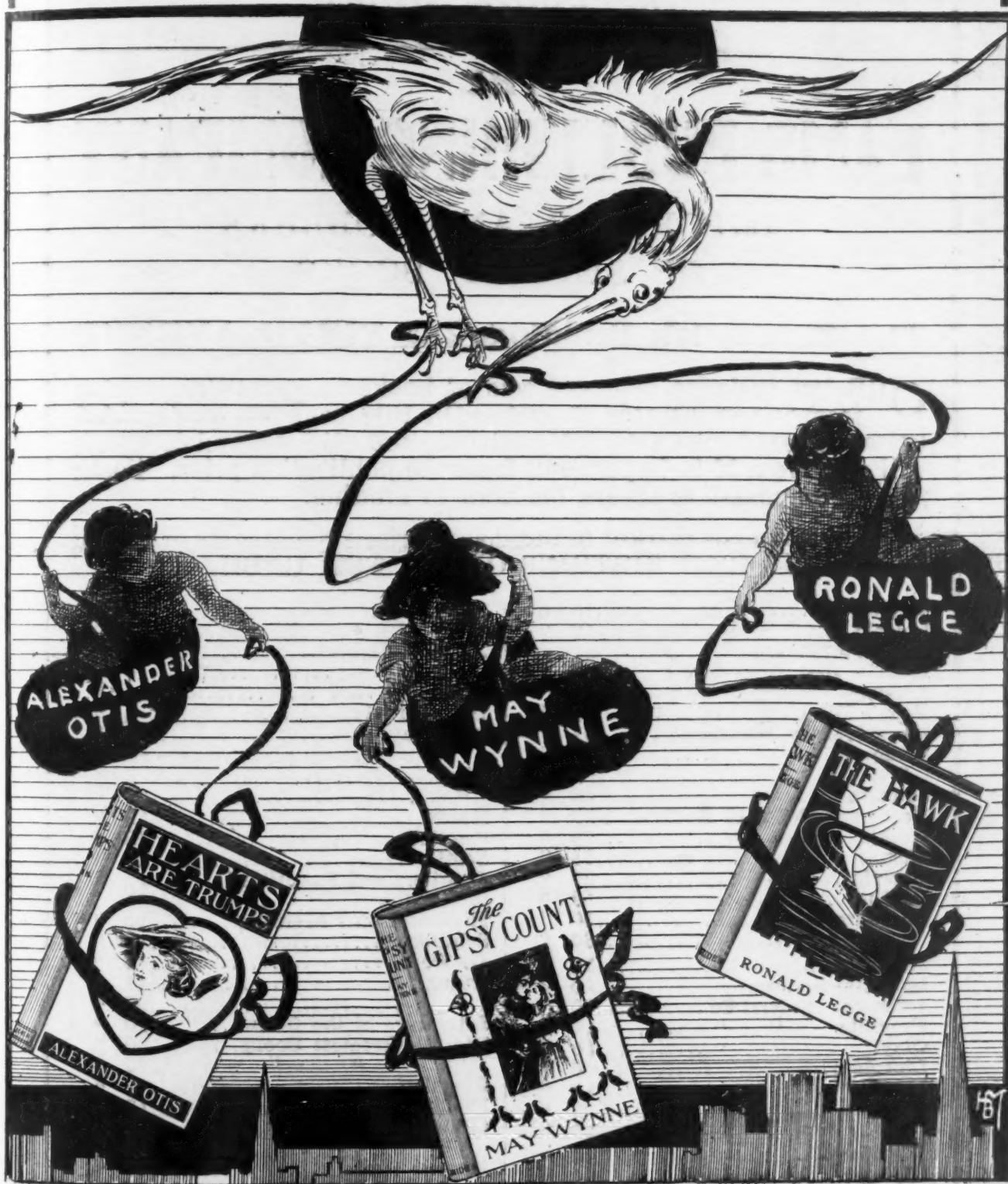
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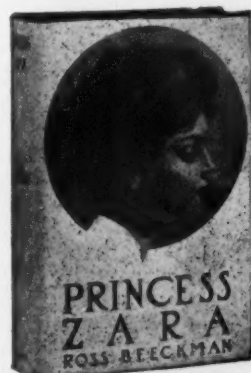
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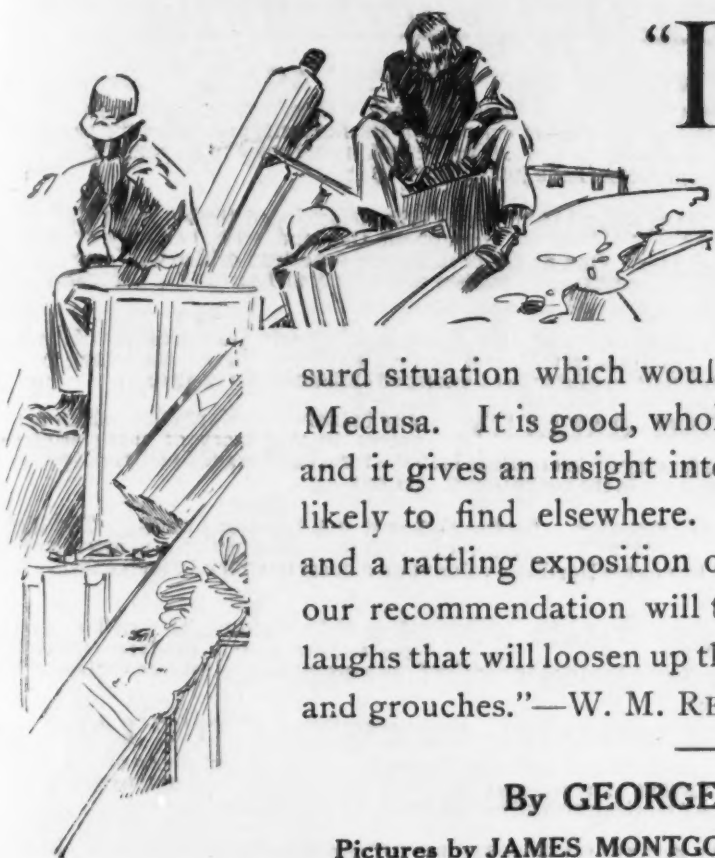
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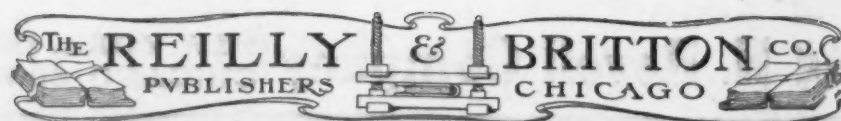
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Send for the new
Holiday List of

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From "The Biography of a Silver Fox."

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THE EPILOGUE.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

OF the making of books upon gardening there seems to be no end. The story of several former years is duplicated in the new Nature books, the majority being devoted to the making of various kinds of gar-

in graceful groupings of the floral kingdom down to the modest efforts of the family, that aim only at the exquisite pleasure of raising a few homely plants, or furnishing the table with fresh and seasonable vegetables.

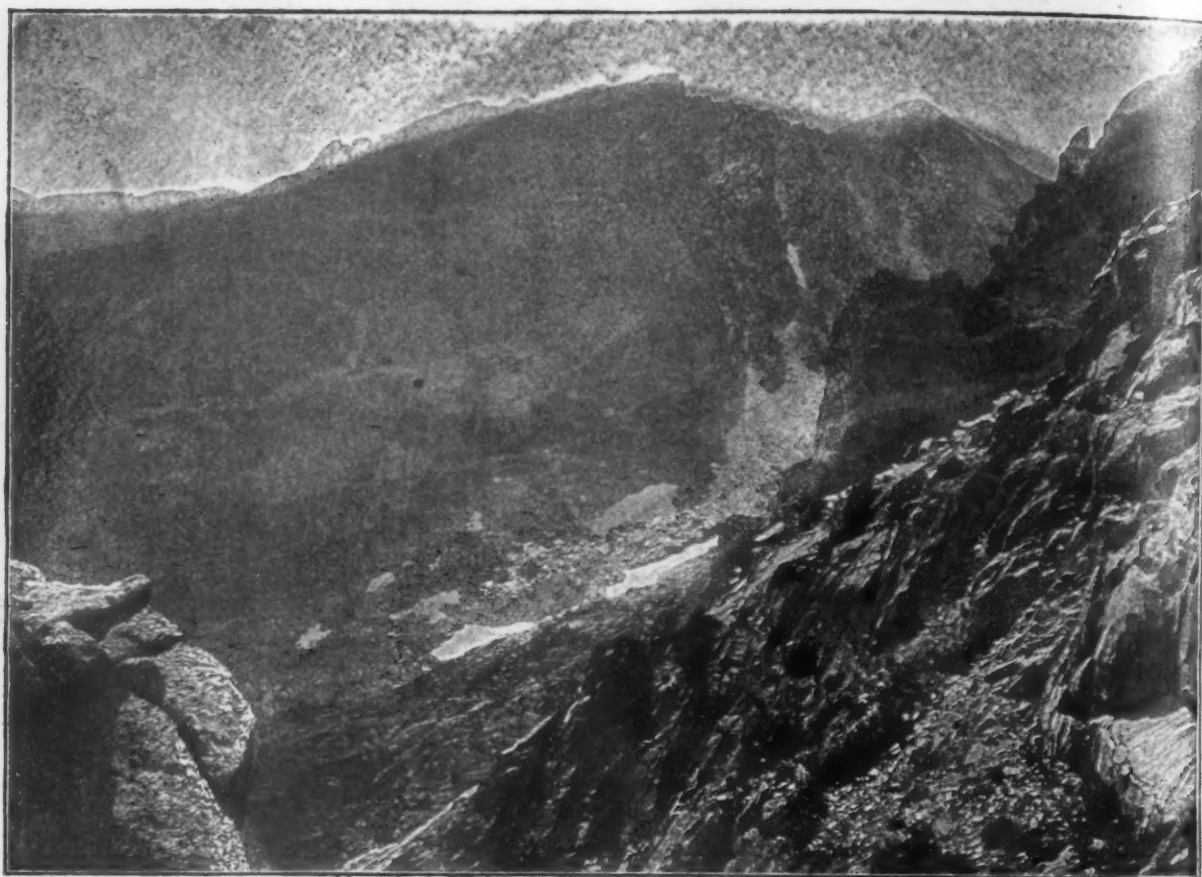
The size and beauty of "The Summer Garden of Pleasure," by Mrs. Stephen Batoon, favorably known through "A Handbook of Garden Flowers," give it a leading place. It deals with the summer garden in general, and particularly with the matter of succession—the maintenance of the garden's beauties without break or loss of interest from early to late summer. The flowers mentioned are at the command of any one, the directions for their planting and culture being quite simple. The thirty-six full-page illustrations by Osmund Pillman, richly printed in colors, are pictures of actual groups and borders, reproductions of charming garden scenes. Likewise of varied interest and embracing novel information is "Gardens Past and Present," by Mrs. K. L. Davidson, illustrated from photographs by F. Mason Good. The reader is carried to the gardens of the Far East and back to rural England in the past; is introduced to physic gardens, modern botanic gardens, formal and wild gardens, water gardens and rock gardens, and other phases of this interesting subject often overlooked. "A Little Maryland Garden" appeals strongly to the owner of a few acres. Helen Ashe Hays has under this title told her own experience in bringing



From "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know" Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

WILD HONEY-SUCKLE.

dens—great and small, ornamental and useful—from the artistic but rather stiff Italian garden, or our own extremely ornate home gardens, showing rare and brilliant specimens



From "Wild Life on the Rockies.

Copyright, 1909, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

SUMMER IN THE ROCKIES AT AN ALTITUDE OF 12,000 FEET.

to perfection her, at first, desolate little piece of ground in Maryland. She tells the history of a year with its appropriate flowers, and inspires one with the same intense love for her roses and daffodils and tulips, and the same warm interest in their care that she displays. Much of the text appeared in the *New York Evening Post* as "Garden Letters." Zulma De L. Steele's beautiful illustrations in color must not be overlooked, as they add largely to the book's attractions. In *Hand-books of Practical Gardening* the latest issue is Charles Thcnger's "The Book of the Cottage Garden," which is for the use of the man or woman of limited means, whose ambition is only to grow flowers in good and natural ways, and deals mostly with hardy plants. A book on vegetables and small-fruit growing for the use of the amateur gardener, entitled "The Home Garden," by Eben Eugene Rexford, is most practical, and is recommended to those who have only a little piece of land and but small experience. In line with the above are Ida D. Bennett's "The Flower Garden" and "The Vegetable Garden," E. P. Powell's "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," all new volumes in the *Garden Library*, which series offers many interesting books on the growing of special plants, etc.

The little ones must rejoice, as there is a delightful book just for them by the author of "Mary's Garden"—Miss Frances Duncan—entitled "When Mother Lets Us Garden." Those who want to make gardens and don't know how will find it invaluable and entertaining likewise. Their seniors in years but youthful in knowledge may consult it with advantage. "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know," by Frederic William Stack, also offers a fund of information for amateur botanists. Dr. Walton's "Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits" claims the distinctive feature of establishing complete identification of many wild flowers and fruits common to this country, without requiring previous knowledge of botanical analysis. "Sweet Peas and How to Grow Them," by Harry H. Thomas, explains itself. "Wild Flower Families," by Clarence M. Weed, teacher of nature study in the Lowell, Massachusetts, State Normal School, though intended for the use of the school, is of very general interest, as it gives the haunts, characters and family relationships of the herbaceous wild flowers, with suggestions for their identification. "Nature-Study," now a recognized study in the normal and training schools, is the title of a work prepared as a manual for

teachers and students by Professor Leopold Holtz, head of the department of nature-study in the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers. Lovers of the out-door life should not omit to read "In American Fields and Forests." It is full of poetry and beautiful thoughts and embraces representative essays by American writers on nature, selected with a view to presenting a wide range of subject and divergent points of view. Thoreau, Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Dallas Lore Sharp and Olive Thorne Miller are authors whose works have been laid under contribution. Winthrop Packard's little book, "Wild Pastures," is a collection of papers on nature such as "Waylaying the Dawn," "A Butterfly Chase," "The Resting Time of the Birds," etc. "A Self-Supporting Home," received with so much pleasure, has a successor in "The Earth's Bounty," in which Kate V. Saint Maur continues her story of the efforts of herself and her friend, "true metropolitan tramps, who had chased fame and fortune half over the world" to make a permanent home in the country. They find not only "summer recreations," but winter employment in their many labors in raising lambs and winter violets, building and operating a silo, in their barnyard and orchard, dairy and stable, etc. Both informing

and enjoyable will be, we believe, the general verdict.

One of the most beautiful works of any class of the many published this season, and one revelling in full-page colored plates and pictures in black and white of the birds not only of the United States, but of every other nation, comes under the name of "Birds of the World," and is the work of Frank H. Knowlton, connected with many scientific societies. The account is a popular one, in non-technical language, setting forth the salient facts regarding the birds of the whole world. Nothing so comprehensive as this volume, nor of such permanent value and so adapted to the unscientific reader can be named. Not only of local interest is "Birds of the Boston Public Garden," by Horace Winslow Wright, being a study in migration. It was a labor of love with Mr. Wright to observe, during the springs and summers of a number of years the migratory birds that filled the Public Garden—the number and variety covered by his account are extraordinary. Bradford Torrey's introduction is in his happiest vein, adding, with the views of the Public Garden, greatly to the book's desirability.

Several writers have made fascinating books out of their motor runs abroad. They are rich in suggestions and enthusiastic over



From "The Earth's Bounty."

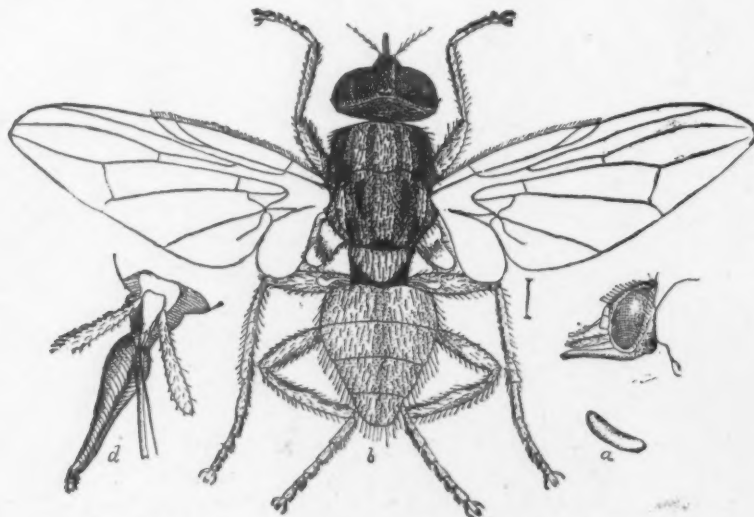
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IN PASTURE TIME.

the pleasures and benefits obtained from unusual experiences. Mrs. Edith Wharton, our much admired novelist, tells of "A Motor-Flight Through France;" Francis Miltoun, of "Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor Car;" J. M. Dillon of "Motor Days in England;" Mrs. Rodolph Stawell of "Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties;" and Claude Anet of his journey "Through Persia in a Motor-Car, by Russia and the Caucasus;" a charming novel called "Set in Silver," by the Williamsons, the authors of "The Lightning Conductor" and other motor books, describes an eight weeks' motor tour through the highways and byways of old England. If one would spend a delightful summer in one's own country, "Glimpses of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Wash.," with its numerous photographic gems, points out a way that is novel and might prove instructive.

The studies of animal and insect life have multiplied greatly. The lovers of nature now spend some of their happiest moments, in the open, in patient observation. Their discoveries are wonderful. Ernest Thompson Seton in "The Biography of a Silver-Fox" tells the story from his cubhood to his splendid prime of that aristocrat of foxes, Domino Reynard, and of his wild, free, happy life among the Goldur hills. "Stickeen," by J. Muir, illustrates the devotion and affection of a dog, and Clarence Hawke's "Black Bruin" is the biography of a bear. "Animal Life in Malaysia," by J. Frank Daniel, depicts with pen and pencil the many varieties of animals found in Malaysia. Vernon Lyman Kellogg, professor in Stanford University, in a "rambling, talky little book," as he calls his "Insect Stories," has put together a number of

strange, true stories, descriptive of the habits of certain insects. A delightful narrative of a summer spent in the country by a mother and her two children is comprised in "Little Busybodies," describing the interesting details they gathered of the lives and habits of crickets, ants, bees, beetles and other "busybodies." The authors, who know how to please young readers, are Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody, of Mount Holyoke College. "Our Insect Friends and Enemies," by J. Bernhardt Smith, considers these small beings in their relation to man and to other animals. "Fish Stories, Alleged and Experienced," by C. F. Holder and D. Starr Jordan, although announced for last season, was only published this year. It holds material of a humorous nature as well as many facts, as the title indicates, from men who know what they are talking about. "Wild Life in the Rockies" has for its subjects wonderful bear stories and adventures with other wild beasts. Enos Abijah Mills, United States Forest Agent, is the author, with a wonderful experience to draw from. A most interesting autobiography, full of adventures, and representing a life of self-sacrifice worthy of record and recognition by all lovers of nature, is "The Life of a Fossil Hunter," by Charles H. Sternberg, one of the volumes of the *American Nature Series*, and is the first time the life of the fossil hunter has been written. Closely allied to the foregoing are Hudson's "The Land's End," a naturalist's impressions in West Cornwall; Chapman's "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist; and Adventures in Field and Forest," an out-door book of stirring adventures encountered in facing wild beasts and reptiles and hunting in the wilderness.



From "Our Insect Friends and Enemies." Copyright, 1909, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

HORN FLY.

a, egg; b, adult; c, d, head and mouth parts.



From "Elusive Isabel"

Copyright, 1909, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE HANDWRITING WAS UNMISTAKABLY THAT OF A WOMAN.

SUMMER NOVELS.

NO preparations for a summer holiday, of however brief duration, are complete without the inclusion of some good reading matter. To protect one from the enforced companionship of the piazza gossip, there is no better shield than a book, or as a medium for whiling away the long hours on the train, or to dream over under umbrageous trees, or by the "sad sea waves," or to mitigate the dullness of rainy days, which so invariably come, in spite of the optimistic predictions of the weather prophet, in our too, too short vacation.

When we say "some good reading matter," we are not limiting the selection to a novel, as our title seems to indicate. Each must be the judge of his own intellectual needs, and if it is not to be a novel, we suggest that our lists be consulted for all the latest publications in the way of books on nature and its various manifestations, volumes of travel, and noted books in many other classifications. In addition a complete list of the novels issued during the period since last year's "Summer Reading" extends the field of choice to our novel readers far beyond the limits of this article.

The novel is apparently more suited to the happy summer time, as the tired brain then seeks rest, and finds it more readily in literature that is simply entertaining, of which

there is an abundance. To be, in a small measure, "guide, philosopher, and friend" to our many readers, through this wilderness of fiction, is the most at which we aim.

To two of the most recent novels—Mrs. Elinor Macarthy Lane's "Katrine" and Francis Marion Crawford's "The White Sister"—a melancholy interest attaches from the fact that both authors died almost coincidentally with the publication of their respective books. "Katrine" is a love story, with a well thought out plot. We are introduced to the heroine in North Carolina and leave her in the Old World a famous singer. A wealth of witty dialogue and the author's sympathy with her heroine's woes are the novel's chief charm. In "The White Sister" Crawford still holds his own as one of the greatest of storytellers. He returns to his old field—Rome—for his background, and offers a fascinating picture of a young Italian girl and her faithful lover. Frank Danby, (pseud. for Mrs. Julia Frankau,) studies modern London life in "Sebastian," a character novel carefully written, showing an unnatural wife and mother, selfishly wrapped up in the creations of her pen, (she is a writer of novels,) utterly ignoring her evident duties. "Araminta" reads almost like a burlesque of the mid-Victorian novel, although it is not so intended. Mr. Snaith, the author of "Broke of

Covenden," offers here a most amusing comedy of high life with a most original heroine. It is generally admitted to be his best novel. "Septimus," by W. J. Locke, has found many readers and admirers. A dreamy, unworldly inventor, a sort of modern Palsifar, is the hero, who does the most remarkably unselfish things. The Baroness von Hutten's

good work. Quebec is its scene, the building of the great steel cantilever bridge over the St. Lawrence and its collapse its theme. The daughter of a wealthy mine owner of Arizona is the heroine. "The Story of Thyrza," by Alice Brown, tells of a New England girl, who is wronged by a man she has known all her life, who deserts her and her child and



From "Set in Silver."

Copyright, 1909 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

AUDRIE.

many admirers will be glad to know she has brought back to life dear "Pam," and made her a factor in her new book—"Kingsmead." Other characters we have learned to love through her charming books are found in "Kingsmead," all as ardently in search of romance as the most devoted novel-reader may desire. The author of "The Country House," John Galsworthy, wrote a novel entitled "Fraternity." It is rather an ironical picture of the English reformers of the better class and their lack of sympathy with the very poor. "The Bridge Builders" comes from Anna Chapin Ray, who has done so much

marries her sister. The life of servanthood is epitomized in Jean Webster's "Much Ado About Peter"—Peter being a big-hearted Irish groom, cheerful and witty and in love. Every page holds a laugh, as does Arthur Train's "The Butler's Story," in which Peter Ridges, an English butler, shows up a newly-rich family, that he knows is not "the real thing," as he has lived in England in an aristocratic family. Seeking for further amusement, the searcher should not omit John Joy Bell's "Oh! Christina!"—Christina is an older edition of "Wee Macgreegor" and equally as aggravating. "The Climbing Courvatels," by

T. W. Townsend, is also quite funny, showing an unusual side of life and unusual characters. "Mr. Opp," Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's latest work, paints a man of two natures, one vain and weak, the other wholly unselfish. His adventures evoke both smiles and tears, even his love story being pathetic. All who read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will want to meet "Mr. Opp." "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis" ran through *The Century*, the separate parts being now gathered together in a consecutive story. Maurice Francis Egan, the author, offers a clever delineation of Celtic character and of Irish-American life and adventure, rich in humor of the truest quality.

Mr. Chambers carries his heroine into the real firing line of battle in the "Special Messenger," his successor to "The Fighting Chance," etc. His heroine is a young gentlewoman of southern lineage and northern training, who enters the Union service during the Civil War as a scout and messenger. Like all Mr. Chambers's stories, there is no dearth of action, danger, love and humor. Robert Grant in "The Chippendales" makes a study of the new and old in society and in business methods in Boston. Mrs. Flora Anne Steel, who wrote "On the Face of the Waters," has produced another novel of India in "A Prince of Dreamers," who was Akbar, Emperor of India in the time of Queen Elizabeth; much of the story is historical, and is full of Oriental color and movement.

Detective stories and stories of mystery and crime are not so numerous as last year. "The Brass Bowl" and "The Black Bag," among the "best sellers" of past seasons, had a third companion added by Louis J. Vance with "The Bronze Bell," a mystery of great profundity that is chiefly worked out in India. "The Delafield Affair" follows up the career of a Boston defaulter to New Mexico, and holds many thrilling episodes. It is written by Florence Finch Kelly. "The Perfume of the Lady in Black" is a sequel to "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," bringing in the picturesque characters of the latter story, the hero being again the young reporter and the author Gaston Leroux. A mystery romance by William H. Osborne, based on a murder in a fashionable New York gambling house, is "The Red Mouse." Edward Phillips Oppenheim's "The Missioner" revels in crime and mystery and love. "The Man in Lower Ten" is another detective story by the author of "The Circular Staircase"—Mary Roberts Rinehart, told in the first person by a lawyer.



From "Hearts are Tramps." Copyright 1909, by The John McBride Co.

BEATRICE.

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in an exciting story, "The Ring and the Man," makes it very evident that he knows something about New York politics. The ring is the political organization that governs the city; the man



From "The Further Adventures of Quincy Adams Sawyer." Copyright, 1909, by L. C. Page & Co.

"I S'POSE ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL BE WEIGHIN' SUGAR AND DRAWIN' 'LASSES.'"

is a candidate for the mayoralty, whom the ring attempts unsuccessfully to crush. A search for the hidden money of a vindictive old man, who in revenge hides it from his grandson before dying, is the motive of Gordon Holmes's "By Force of Circumstances."

"Dragon's Blood," by Henry Milner Rideout, is a tale of adventure, danger and love in China, during a native uprising, by the author of "The Siamese Cat." "Ridgway of Montana" deals with the turbid life and politics of a Montana mining town. The author is W. Macleod Raine. Rudyard Kipling is to be credited with a remarkable story, "With the Night Mail," which chronicles a trip in the postal packet "162" on her aerial run from London one night to Quebec the next morning in the year 2000 A.D. W. Somerset Maugham, who achieved considerable success with his two comedies, "Lady Frederick" and "Jack Straw," is also known as a writer of novels, his two latest being "The Explorer," having its scene in East Africa, and "The Magician," who claims he can produce human life by artificial means.

A pretty romance of the Clyde, showing both the pathos and humor of J. Joy Bell's

best style, is offered in "Whither Thou Goest." The author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus'"—Mary Ella Waller—tells an every-day story in "A Year Out of Life," the heroine being a young American girl who goes to Germany for several years to study the German language and has a romantic love experience. "Lanier of the Cavalry" is in line with Charles King's former stories of army life. "The Chrysalis," by Harold Morton Kramer, traces the development of an indifferent character to a man of high aims and fine achievements, through the influence of a girl of fine character. A tale of mistaken identity told with great cleverness comes under the name of "A Gentleman of Quality," by Frederic v. R. Dey. "The Hawk" is a narrative of aerial war, carried on in the air over the English coast by a flotilla of air ships, the author being Ronald Legge. "Infatuation," by Lloyd Osbourne, tells of a rich girl who loses her heart to a mantinée idol. Three volumes of good short stories are embraced in "Through Welsh Doorways," by Jeannette Marks; "Merely Players," by Virginia Tracy; and "The Lodger Overhead," by C. Belmont Davis.



From "The Climbing Courvetels."

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"BETTY FELT HERSELF STIFFENING WITH INCREASED EXCITEMENT."



From "The White Mice."

Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I HEAR THE CALL OF THE WHITE MICE," SAID PETER DE PEYSTER.

THEY ARRIVE AT THE RENDEZVOUS.

From Richard H. Davis's "The White Mice."
(Scribner.)

RODDY gave his guide a start of fifty feet, and followed. With the idea of a possible ambush still in his mind, he held the pony well in hand, and in front of him, in his belt, stuck one of the revolvers. He now was fully awake. No longer in the darkness was he stumbling on foot over the stones and ruts of the road. Instead, the day was breaking and he had under him a good horse, on which, if necessary, he could run away. The thought was comforting, and the sense of possible danger excited him delightfully. When he remembered Peter, sleeping stolidly and missing what was to come, he felt a touch of remorse. But he had been warned to bring no one with him, and of the letter to speak to no one. He would tell Peter later. But, he considered, what if there should be nothing to tell, or, if there were, what if he should not be alive to tell it? If the men who had planned to assassinate Colonel Vega intended to punish him for his interference, they could not have selected a place or hour better suited to their purpose. In all the world, apparently, he was the only soul awake. On either side of him were high hedges of the Spanish bayonet, and back of them acres of orange groves. The homes of the planters lay far from the highway, and along the sides of the road there were no houses, no lodge gates, not even a peon's thatched hut.

Roddy was approaching a sharp turn in the road, a turn to the left at almost right angles.

It was marked by an impenetrable hedge. Up to now, although the hedges would have concealed a regiment, the white road itself had stretched before him, straight and open. But now the turn shut it from his sight. The guide had reached the corner. Instead of taking it, he turned in his saddle and pulled his pony to a walk.

To Roddy the act seemed significant. It was apparent that they had arrived at their rendezvous. Sharply, Roddy also brought his pony to a walk, and with a heavy pull on the reins moved slowly forward. The guide drew to the right and halted. To Roddy's excited imagination this manœuvre could have but one explanation. The man was withdrawing himself from a possible line of fire. Shifting the reins to his left hand, Roddy let the other fall upon his revolver. Holding in the pony and bending forward, Roddy peered cautiously around the corner.

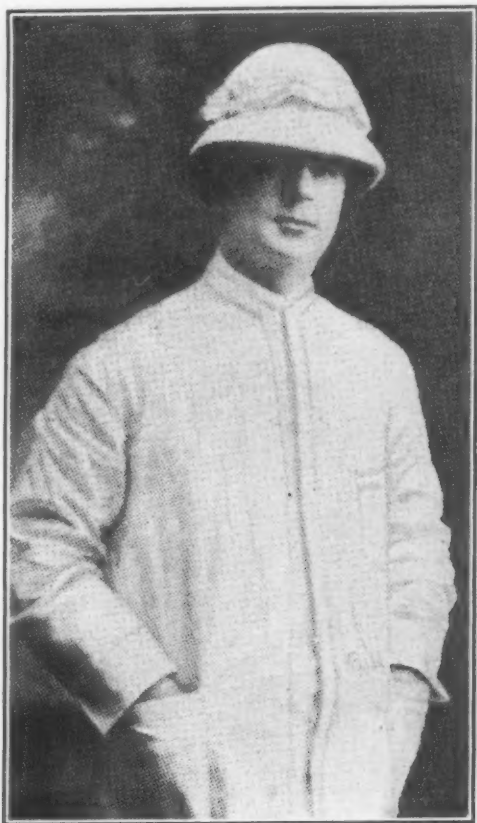
What he saw was so astonishing, so unlike what he expected, so utterly out of place, that, still leaning forward, still with his hand on his revolver, he stared stupidly.

THE WIRELESS AND THE BATTLESHIP.

From Stringer's "The Gun-Runner." (B. W. Dodge & Co.)

"BUT what do we gain by getting the *Princeton* now?" Alicia Boynton demanded.

He was at the key by this time, and the "crash—rash—rrrrash" of the great spark as it leaped and exploded from the discharging-rods filled the cabin with a peremptory



from "The Gun Runner" Copyright, 1909, by
B. W. Dodge & Co.

THE AUTHOR—ARTHUR STRINGER.

and authoritative tumult of sound. The woman stood watching him, spellbound. A moment later McKinnon's left hand was fidgeting above his tuner, while his right pressed a 'phone-receiver close to his ear.

"What we've got to do is to get that cruiser to Puerto Locombia," he hurriedly went on, as he waited there, without looking up. "She will be needed; she *is* needed; and she may as well be told of it now. I mean we'll do what we've got to do while the way's still clear."

"But how can you order about an American warship as though it were a street cab you'd hired?"

"It won't be me—it's the wireless that does the ordering."

"But who are you?"

"That's just it—I'm nobody! I'm like those canaries you spoke of; I wouldn't be worth cannonading."

"But you have no power to do this!" demurred the still puzzled woman. "You are not the President of the United States! You have no authority to order about a battleship!"

"I'll *make* the authority!" he cried as he sprang to his key and once more called through the night. "You've said just enough to give me my chance to make my course plain. American interests are threatened in Guariqui at this very moment; American property has already been destroyed in Puerto Locombia. It's only been forestalling the inevitable. I mean I'm going to send an official call for that cruiser myself!"

The woman looked at him in amazement

as he swung about and clapped the 'phones once more to his ears.

"If we can only get her!" he half groaned as he stood with bent head and fixed eyes, listening, while the seconds dragged slowly by. "If we can only get her!" he repeated less hopefully.

He turned to his switch again, and still again the great blue spark erupted and crashed and volleyed from the discharging-rods. Then again he waited and listened, the lines on his face deepening in the hard light from the electrics above him.

"The night's against us!" he exclaimed almost despairingly as the switch came purring down on the contact-pins and his hand once more went out to his key-lever. His fingers closed on the handle, but the intended call was not sent. No nervous flash of blue flame bridged the waiting spark-gap. For even before he turned, McKinnon knew that his cabin door had been suddenly opened and that a squat and thick-set figure stood there peering in at him.

FORGOTTEN BY THE AUTO-PARTY.

From the Williamsons' "Set in Silver." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THERE was not so much as the smell of a motor-car, so I asked the handsome landlady whether she had seen the Tyndal automobile or its owners.

"Why," said she, "they went off about ten minutes ago."

"Went off—where?" I asked blankly.

"To Bideford, I think they were going," she replied.

"That can't be, for I was to have gone with them," said I.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the landlady, polite but puzzled. "I didn't know. I thought you had gone with your own party."

She looked at me pityingly, and I felt exactly like Robinson Crusoe before he knew there was going to be a Friday; but, like him, I kept a stiff upper lip. I am happy to say I even laughed. "Well, that's very funny," said I, as if being pigeon-holed by Sir Lionel and marooned by the Tyndals was the most amusing experience in the world, and I simply delighted in it. "Of course, somebody or other will count noses and miss me after a while."

"You could go on to Bideford by rail, if you liked," the landlady informed me gratuitously.

"Oh, I think I'd better wait here," I said.

She agreed; but she little guessed how much more complicated it would be to take a train for anywhere without any pennies.

There is my scrape, dearest of women, and mamma whom I would select if I were able to choose among all eligible mothers since Eve, up to date. The situation hasn't changed in the least, to the time of writing, except that it has lasted longer, and got frayed round the edges.

I was paid for, including food and lodging, until after breakfast. It is now half-past five o'clock P.M., pouring with rain, howling with wind, and not only has nobody come to collect me, but nobody has telephoned or tele-

graphed. I have eaten, or pretended to eat, a luncheon, for which I have no money to pay. I refused tea, but was so kindly urged that I had to reconsider; and the buttered toast of servitude is at this moment sticking in my throat, lodged on the sharp edge of an unuttered sob. Your poor, forlorn little daughter! What is to become of her? Will she have to go to the place of unclaimed parcels? Or will she be sold as bankrupt stock? Or will she become a kitchen-maid or "tweeny" in King Arthur's Castle? But don't worry, darling. I won't be such a beast as to post this letter till something is settled, somehow, even if I have to rob the hotel till.

There is nothing to do except write, for I can't compose my mind to read; so I will continue recording my emotions, as French criminals do when condemned to death, or lovesick ladies when they have swallowed slow poison.

5.50.—Rain worse. Wind yelling imprecations. I sit in the hall, as I can't call my room my own. New people are arriving. They look Cook-ey, but are probably Countesses. I gaze at them haughtily, and try to appear prosperous. I hope

they think my mother, the Duchess, is taking a nap in our magnificent suite upstairs, while I write a letter to my godfather, the Prince, to thank him for his birthday gift of a rope of pearls which reaches to my knees.

6.15.—The landlady has just been sympathizing with me. She says there is a night train to Bideford. I have poured cold water upon the night train to Bideford, and came near pouring hot tears on the time-table she kindly brought me.

6.25.—People are going up to dress for dinner. They are God's creatures, but I do not love them.

6.40.—The head-waiter has just fluttered up to ask if I would like a smaller table for dinner. No table would be too small for my appetite. I said—

7.10.—Darling, Sir Lionel has come back for me, alone, dripping wet, and it was all a mistake, and he did want me, and he's furious with everybody in the world except me, to whom he is perfectly adorable. And I'm afraid I adore him. And we're starting at once, when we've had a sandwich and coffee—can't wait for dinner. Everything is *too* nice. I'll explain as soon as I've time to write.

Your Radiant Transformation Scene, A. B.

"LET'S HAVE A CLAM-BAKE."

From J. C. Lincoln's "Our Village." (Appleton.)

THE clambake I mean comes into being somewhat after this fashion: You are summering, let us say, at a village "down on the Cape," a lazy old village where the houses and roads and sails are white, and the trees and grass and shutters and city boarders green, and the sea and sky and the natives—most of them—true blue. And you have bathed and fished and sailed and smoked and loafed—have done almost everything, in fact, except work. There *are* people on Cape Cod who work, but the average "summerer"—no matter what grim resolutions he may have subscribed to before leaving home—is not one of them.

So, one morning, as you are industriously filling your pipe—I am now supposing you to be a member of the tobacco blessed sex—on the porch, your wife emerges from the cottage with a wistful, unsatisfied look in her eye, and observes: "Oh, dear! I do wish we might have a real, old-fashioned clambake."

Whereupon you sit up in the hammock,



From "The Alternative."

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HE OPENED THE DOOR AND ASSISTED HER TO ALIGHT.

choke down your excitement, and reply in an uninterested tone: "Clambake, my dear? Why, we had clams for dinner only yesterday."

"Yes, I know but they taste so different baked out of doors. I mean a real clambake on the beach. One with corn and potatoes and all the 'fixin's,' such as we used to have when father was alive."

Now, your wife is like yourself, a Cape Codder born. She used to live in the old Baker house on the "lower road"—the one occupied at present by that Portuguese family—and her father was Cap'n Ezra Baker, and he was the greatest "cut up" for a grown man that ever—why, he just *had* to be a Universalist. No Methodist, in those days, could go on picnics and get up hay rides and "times" as he did every week day of his "shore leaves," and retain a regular standing in the church. No, sir! One couldn't enjoy life like that and be godly.

Just here your wife interrupts your meditations. She says:

"The children would enjoy it so."

Bless the children! They are the most convenient excuses in creation. Probably, if it were not for them, you wouldn't get to the zoological gardens or the aquarium or the fairy play oftener than once a year or so. And as for the circus—but that's an old story.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

From Sarah L. Day's *"Fresh Fields and Pastures New."* (Putnam.)

A RUSH and a scurry of wind,—then the rush
Of the rain in battalions fleet;
And athwart the swirl of its hurrying files,
And the tread of its myriad feet,
Springs the flash and the jar of an answering war
Where the cloud-spirits challenge and meet.

Closer the press of the turbulent ranks,
Fiercer the shock of the fray;
Then the whole has swept by, and anon, a clear sky,
And a drenched, fragrant earth, and the play
Of quick, sparkling laughter from leaf to gay leaf
Each twinkling its teardrops away.

DR. DIMAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

From Juliet W. Tompkins' *"Open House."* (Baker & Taylor Co.)

MISS MYRTLE'S housekeeping expression was ever that of one who has just heard a distant crash of china, or who smells something burning. She moved as hurriedly as her weight permitted, but it could be seen that her soul went ahead, and was already at the kitchen door with some life and death message for the ice man or the grocer.

"Oh, Myrtle! we are not using the big southeast bed-room, are we?"

She stopped as though struck, and the dropping of her stout arms at her sides showed that no casual tone could hoodwink her.

"Caspar! Is it another nervous prostrate?" she cried.

"No." He was obviously a little sorry, but not at all afraid of her.

"An inebriate or a morphine fiend?"

"Neither."

"Not St. Vitus's dance again?"

"No: this time it is a handsome and entirely healthy young woman."

She knew him too well to accept comfort. "It is another case, just the same—you needn't tell me! Why you have to bring home every stray cat and lame dog you come across—! What is she, anyway?"

"She will act as my office assistant and take charge of the telephone—that will be a relief to you, won't it?" His tone encouraged a glimmer of cheer, but she only sighed. "She will be here late this afternoon, and her name is Cassandra Joyce," he added as he went out.

Cassandra Joyce! Miss Myrtle needed no more telling. That was, of course, the cousin who had come from Paris to live with Miss Emily Joyce, a week before her sudden death. Caspar, who had been called in consultation, had spoken pityingly of the girl at the time—his sister might have foreseen what was coming! Cassandra Joyce, daughter of a multi-millionaire whose fortunes had fallen with a reverberating crash three years ago, and who had taken a short cut out of difficulty and disgrace with a bullet; a girl brought up to every luxury and, no doubt, straight from the home of some rich friend, coming here to go through the farce of earning her living—this was a little too much. Her important errand to the kitchen forgotten, Miss Myrtle still sat where she had dropped, gloomily facing the situation.

It was never a simple situation for the housekeeper in the spreading, old-fashioned mansion which Dr. Diman called his home, but which in his sister's opinion might more fittingly be called a combination of Rescue League, Snug Harbour, Sanatorium, and Sheltering Arms. She had kept house for him eleven years, and every year, in her phraseology, "he got worse." She could not accept him as incurable, and the average man must have grown propitiatory or irritable after eleven years of her poignant dismay; but Caspar smiled at her protests, offered up no argument, and went his chosen way without so much as an extra crease in his forehead on her account. At this moment a superannuated French chef, who had kept his pathetically charming manners, but lost large tracts of his memory, was presiding in the kitchen with the exquisite humility of a fallen monarch; and what comfort was it to know that the purée might be perfect, when one knew also that it might come in with its main ingredient forgotten? Though a teacher has had remarkable success with children, it does not necessarily follow that, after a physical breakdown, she is entirely successful in light housework; even now the trail of Ann Blossom's willing but vague duster could be seen in a broad sweep across the grey film on the centre table—a wealthy forlornity who thought she paid for what she was getting, and the prospect of a helpless spoiled girl to be looked after—

"Well, if it wasn't for Hattie, I'd give up," concluded Miss Myrtle heavily. Hattie was belligerently able-bodied and she came for wages, nothing else. "Deliver me from gratitude service!" was the final sum of the housekeeper's experience.

THE OLD DOCTOR PREACHES.

From H. B. Wright's "The Calling of Dan Matthews." (Book Supply Co.)

"I have always known this would come," said the old doctor.

"You have always known this would come?" repeated Dan questioningly.

"Yes, I have always known, because for

church are the salt of the earth. If it were not for their goodness the system would have rotted long ago. The church, for all its talk, doesn't save the people; the people save the church. And let me tell you, Dan, the very ones in the church who have done the things you have seen and felt, at heart respect and believe in you."

Dan broke forth in such a laugh as the



From "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight."

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"WAIT!" SHE MURMURED. "THERE IS TO BE A MEETING."

half a century, boy, I have observed the spirit of this institution. Mind, I do not say the spirit of the people in the institution. Strong people, Dan, sometimes manage to live in mighty sickly climates. The best people in the world are sometimes held by evil circumstances which their own best intentions have created. The people in the

Doctor had never heard from his lips. "Then why?"

"Because," said the old man, "it is their religion to worship an institution, not a God; to serve a system, not the race. It is history, my boy. Every reformation begins with the persecution of the reformer and ends with the followers of that reformer



From "A Child's Guide to American History."

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THE DEATH OF LAWRENCE.

persecuting those who would lead them another step toward freedom. Misguided religious people have always crucified their saviors and always will!"

Dan was silent, awed by the revelation of his old friend's mind. Presently the Doctor continued, "There is no hatred, lad, so bitter as that hatred born of a religious love; no falsehood so vile as the lie spoken in defense of truth; no wrong so harmful as the wrong committed in the name of righteousness; no injustice so terrible as in the injustice of those who condemn in the name of the Savior of the world!"

"What then, as you see it—what can I do?" demanded Dan.

The Doctor changed his tone. His reply was more a question than an answer. "There are other churches."

Dan laughed bitterly. "They have taken care of that, too." He began to tell of the call to Chicago and the Elders' refusal to give him a letter, but again the Doctor interrupted him. "Yes, I know about that, too."

"Well?" demanded Dan almost angrily.

"Well," answered the other easily, "there are still other churches."

"You mean—"

"I mean that you are not the only preacher who has been talked about by his church, and branded by his official board with the mark of the devil in the name of the Lord. It's easy enough! Go farther, get a little obscure congregation somewhere, stay long enough to get a letter, not long enough to

make another name; try another in the same fashion. Lay low, keep quiet, stay away from conventions, watch your chance, and—when the time is ripe—make a hit with the state workers in some other state. You know how! It's all easy enough!"

Dan leaped to his feet. "Good God, Doctor! I have done nothing wrong. Why should I skulk, and hide, and scheme to conceal something I never did, for the privilege of saving a church that doesn't want me? Is this the ministry?"

"It seems to be a large part of it," answered the other deliberately. "My boy, it's the things that preachers have not done that they try hardest to hide. As to why, I must confess that I am a little near-sighted myself sometimes."

"I can't, I can't do it, Doctor!"

"Humph! I didn't suppose you could," came dryly from the old man.

THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE SYSTEM.

From Foxcroft Davis's "The Whirl." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE occasion to worry his womankind, however, was too good for the English Ambassador, and he began again to his nephew:

"I hope, my dear boy, you will meet a friend of mine to-night—Mrs. Chantrey—a widow, very handsome, fine old Boston family, with something like a billion of money."

Mrs. Vereker sighed. Mrs. Chantrey was

her rod of scourging, which Lord Baudesert freely applied. Then, taking his nephew's arm, the Ambassador walked into the next room, and out of Mrs. Vereker's hearing expressed his true sentiments.

"You will see American women in full force to-night," he said. "They are strange creatures, full of *esprit*, and they have brought the art of dress to the level of a fine art. Be sure to look at their shoes and their handkerchiefs. I am told that their stockings are works of art. Don't mind their screeching at you, you will get used to it. There is great talk of their wonderful adaptability, nevertheless I never saw one of them whom I really thought was fitted to be the wife of a diplomat. You needn't pay any attention to the way I talk about Mrs. Chantrey; I wouldn't marry that woman if she were made of radium at two million dollars the pound, but it amuses me to worry Susan on the subject."

"That's nice for Aunt Susan," answered Sir Percy—"but on one point my mind is made up: I shall never marry an American."

"I can tell you one thing," continued Lord Baudesert: "marrying an American heiress is about the poorest investment any man can make, if he has an eye to business. In this singular country money is never mentioned by the bridegroom. That one word 'settlement' would be enough to make an American father kick any man out of the house. The father, however, is certain to mention money to his prospective son-in-law. He demands that everything his daughter's husband has should be settled on the wife, and generally requires that his future son-in-law's life be insured for the wife's benefit. Then, whatever the American father has to give his daughter he ties up as tight as a drum, so that the son-in-law can't touch it, and everything else the son-in-law may get depends on his good behaviour. The American girl, having been accustomed to regard herself as a pearl beyond price, expects her husband to be a sort of coolie at her command. If he isn't she flies back to her father, and the father proceeds to cut off supplies from the son-in-law. Oh, it is a great game, the American marriage, when it is for high stakes. I take it that it is impossible for any European, even an Englishman, to get at the point of view of an American father concerning his daughter."

AN EDITOR IN THE MAKING.

From G. R. Chester's "The Making of Bobby Burnit." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

BOBBY BURNIT was in no more jeopardy from hired thugs, and for a solid year he kept up his fight, with plenty of material to last him for still another twelvemonth. It was a year which improved him in many ways, but Aunt Constance Elliston objected to the improvement.

"Bobby, they *are* spoiling you," she complained. "They're taking your suavety away from you, and you're acquiring grim, hard lines around your mouth."

"They're making him," declared Agnes looking fondly across at the firm face and into the clear, unwavering eyes.

Bobby answered the look of Agnes with one that needed no words to interpret, and laughed at Aunt Constance.

"I suppose they are spoiling me," he confessed, "and I'm glad of it. I'm glad, above



From "The Whirl."

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HER GLANCE, QUICK YET SOFT, WAS MUCH THE PRETTIEST THING OF THE SORT SIR PERCY HAD EVER SEEN.

all, that I'm losing the sort of suavity which led me to smile and tell a man politely to take it, when he reached his hand into my pocket for my money."

"You'll do," agreed Uncle Dan. "When you took hold of the *Bulletin*, your best friends only gave you two months."

The telephone bell rang in the study adjoining the dining-room, and Bobby, who had been more or less distraught all evening, half rose from his chair. In a moment more the maid informed them that the call was for Mr. Burnit. In the study they could hear his voice, excited and exultant. He returned as delighted as a school-boy.

"Now I can tell you something," he announced. "Within five minutes the *Bulletin* will have exclusive extras on the street, announcing that the legislature has just appointed a committee to investigate municipal affairs throughout the state. That means this town. I have spent ten thousand dollars in lobbying that measure through, and charged it all to 'improvements' on the *Bulletin*."

As Bobby announced this he rose mechanically, and, still absorbed in the details of his big fight, walked out into the hall. It was not until he had his coat on and his hat in his hand that he came to himself; and with the deepest confusion found that he had been about to walk out without making any adieus whatever.

"Why, where are you going?" inquired Agnes, as he came back into the drawing-room.

He laughed sheepishly.

"Why," he explained, "ever since I received that telephone message I have been seeing before me the *Bulletin* extra that they are throwing on the street right now, and I forgot everything else. I'll simply have to go down and hold a copy of it in my hands."

"You're just a big boy," laughed Aunt Constance. "Will you ever grow up?"

"I hope not," declared Agnes, and taking his arm she strolled with him to the door in perfect peace and confidence.

OVERCOMING THE BUCCANEERS.

From "*Humphrey Bold*." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

FINDING my ascent blocked by the crowd, I slipped over the balustrade, and, taking advantage of my great height, leapt at the rail of the veranda and began to haul myself up. At that desperate moment I saw one of the buccaneers with his musket uplifted, preparing to bring it down with crushing force upon me, and caught sight of Vetch behind him sword in hand. I thought my end was come, for I had not yet secured my footing, and was powerless to protect myself. But suddenly there was a deafening report from the room

beyond; the buccaneer pitched forward onto the rail, his musket falling from his hand. My life was saved by the man's body lurching against me, for being between Vetch and me, he prevented my old enemy from using his sword arm. With a desperate heave I threw the buccaneer against Vetch, and in a trice was over the rail and on the veranda. Vetch's face was fixed with terror, as, drawing my sword, I rushed at him. There was no escape for him now; his slipperiness could not serve him; and I will do him this justice, that, finding himself driven into a corner, he stood against me and fought with a courage of frenzy. But he was no swordsman; with a few simple passes I disarmed him, and flinging his sword over the rail I caught him by the neck and arm and held him fast.

Meanwhile the resistance of his hirelings had been broken. My sturdy men had forced their way up the steps or climbed up the pillars, not without loss, and the defenders in the room behind firing a succession of shots, the buccaneers had scattered to right and left to escape being taken in front and rear at once. Their ranks being thus weakened my men pressed upon them with re-



From "*The Other Side of the Door*."

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"WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHILD," FATHER SAID."

doubled vehemence. I caught sight of Joe Punchard in the mêlée, his red head a flaming battle signal, wielding an iron belaying pin, every swing of it leaving the enemy one man the less. The buccaneer captain, with the furious courage for which the West Indian freebooters have ever been notable, threw himself wherever the fight was thickest, striving to stay the rout, with cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other. He hurled his pistol at Joe, but he saw the movement and nimbly ducked, to the discomfiture of the man behind him, who received the weapon full in his chest (Joe being short) and staggered back in a heap against the rail. Joe was erect again in time to catch the captain's cutlass on his belaying pin, which it struck with such force as to be shivered to splinters. Ere the captain had time to spring back, a half-swing from Joe's formidable weapon caught him on the neck, and he fell like a bullock under the pole-ax.

THE FACE WAS ABSOLUTELY STRANGE!

From O. Cabot's "Man Without a Shadow." (Appleton's.)

THE train was whistling for a stop, and was going to stop not more than a mile or two away.

Instinctively I felt for my watch, but there was nothing of the sort in my pocket. I was disappointed, for though only half conscious of the reason why, I wanted to know what time the train came in. Suddenly an expedient occurred to me. The sun was slanting through my window at an acute angle with the casement. With my thumb nail I scratched on the sill the outline of the shadow.

Some one was standing outside my door, watching me, no doubt, through the keyhole. An involuntary movement of his feet betrayed so much to me, and a moment later, restless of espionage, I crossed over to the farther corner of the room.

In doing so I caught a glimpse of another movement, and looking up I saw what I wonder I had not thought of looking for earlier—a mirror. The sight of it made my heart beat quickly.

"Of course," I thought, "that is all it needs. A glance at myself will bring my memory back to me."

I walked around and stood before the glass. But the face I saw was absolutely strange to me, as strange as the doctor's face or the guard's had been. It was bewildering, uncanny, almost enough indeed to drive a man mad, to see the haggard look of pain and disappointment and something not far from



from "A Special Messenger."

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WHITE-FACED, DESPERATE, SHE CLUNG TO HIM.

terror in that stranger's face; and to realize that it was only the irrepressible emotion of my own soul that I saw reflected there.

Then, like a touch of the spur, rallying all my courage anew, there came the faint sound of a chuckling laugh from the other side of the door. In standing before the mirror I had again come under the observation of the man at the keyhole. The same bewildered, disappointed face which I had seen, he had seen, too.

I dropped down on the edge of my bed and buried my face in my hands. I heard footsteps tiptoeing away from my door, and then in a moment, as I half expected, returning noisily.

"Come in," said I, in answer to the knock.

It was the doctor, but this time the doctor with his manner all prepared. It was at once good-humored and patronizing.

"Well, my good man," said he, "I hope you feel no further ill effects from that warm June sun."

"No," said I, "I guess I'm right enough."

Then, by way of experiment, I shot a quick question at him.

"Is this my room, the room I have lived in right along?"

His face seemed to stiffen a little in its false mask of kindly humor.

"Of course," he said; "but you must not



From "Mr. Opp"

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"WHY, MR. OPP, I'M NOT OLD ENOUGH."

expect to remember anything about that. You have been, as I said before, only half conscious since you came here. It would be altogether extraordinary if you were to recognize the room or the building or any of our faces. But does nothing come back from beyond that time; nothing that happened before your accident?"

I shook my head dully.

"What did you tell me I was?" I asked.

THE OPP EAGLE FORMS ITS STAFF.

From Alice H. Rice's "Mr. Opp." (Century.)

MR. OPP's mental gymnastics were interrupted by the appearance at the door of Miss Jim Fenton and her brother Nick.

Miss Jim was an anomaly in the community, being by theory a spinster, and by practice a double grass-widow. Capable and self-supporting, she attracted the ne'er-do-wells as a magnet attracts needles, but having been twice induced to forego her freedom and accept the bonds of wedlock, she had twice escaped and reverted to her original type and name. Miss Jim was evidently a victim of one of Nature's most economical moods; she was spare and angular, with a long, wrinkled face surmounted by a scant fluff of pale, frizzled hair.

But it was her clothes that brought misunderstanding, misfortune, and even matri-

mony upon Miss Jim. They were sent her by the boxful by a cousin in the city, and the fact was unmistakable that they were clothes with a past. The dresses held an atmosphere of evaporated frivolity; flirtations lingered in every frill, and memories of old larks lurked in every furbelow. The hats had a jaunty list to port, and the colored slippers still held a dance within their soles. One old bird of paradise on Miss Jim's favorite bonnet had a chronic wink for the wickedness he had witnessed.

It was this wink that attracted Mr. Opp as he looked up from his arduous labors.

"Howdy, Mr. Opp," said the lady in brisk, businesslike tones. "I was taking a crayon portrait home to Mrs. Gusty, and I just stopped in to see if I couldn't persuade you to take my brother to help you on the newspaper. You remember Nick, don't you?"

Mr. Opp glanced up. A skeleton of a boy was peering eagerly past him into the office.

"He knows the business. He's been in it over a year at Coreyville. He wants to go back; but I ain't willing till he gets stronger."

Mr. Opp turned impressively in his revolving chair.

"Well, you see," he said, with thumbs together and his lips pursed, after the manner of the various employers before whom he had stood in the past, "we are just making a preliminary start, and we haven't engaged our staff yet. I don't feel justified in going to no extra expense until 'The Opp Eagle' is, in a way, on its feet."

"Oh, that's all right," said the boy; "I'll work a month for nothing. Lots of fellows do that on the big papers."

Miss Jim plucked warningly at his sleeve.

"Not at all," he said hastily; "that ain't my policy. I think I might contrive to pay you a small, reasonable sum down, and increase it in ratio as the paper become more prosperous. Don't you think you better sit down?"

"No, sir; I'm all right," said the boy, impatiently. "I can do 'most anything about a paper, setting type, printing, reporting, collecting, 'most anything you put me at."

Such timely knowledge, in whatever guise it came, seemed Heaven-sent. Mr. Opp gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"If you feel that you can't do any better than accepting the small sum that just at present I'll have to offer you, why, I think we can come to some arrangement."

"That's mighty nice in you," said Miss Jim, jerking her head forward in order to correct an undue backward gravitation of her bonnet. "If ever you want a crayon portrait, made from life or enlarged from a photograph, I'll make you a special price on it."

"I'm just taking this here one home to Mrs. Gusty; she had it done for Guin-never's birthday."

Miss Jim removed the wrappings and showed the portrait.

"Notice the eyelashes; you can actually count them! She had four buttons on her dress, but I didn't get in but three, but I ain't going to mention it to Mrs. Gusty. Don't you think it's pretty?"

THE IRON SANK—CHOCK TO THE HITCHES.

From J. C. Wheeler's "There She Blows."
(Dutton.)

UNCLE ZENE had brought up half-way between the British captain's boat and the spot where we had last seen the whale. He reasoned that the bull was not alarmed, and had no motive for running away. His keen eye had noted the slight indication of the flukes, and this gave him the clue to direction. Our boat lay—recollect this—stern on to the Sydney captain's.

The vertical sun scorched and roasted. The oily blue water threw back the heat at the brassy heavens, and the atmosphere quivered as if on the point of ignition. Ten minutes, fifteen passed. Each sailor watched along the line of his oar. The eyes of Morrison and the Old Man devoured all space.

Of a sudden a long, sobbing respiration quavered at Captain Bourne's back, and I, facing that way, saw the square, black mass of the bull's head emerge midway between the boats. Uncle Zene sprang a foot in the air and half whirled, laying back on his steering oar to bring his boat around. Tugwell's crew had caught the water.

Joe Wing has an inspiration and surged on his oar to assist the captain overcome the inertia of the boat. She shot around, more swiftly than the Old Man had counted on. He overreached, failed to recover, and went overboard with a great splash!

I caught the flash of the Briton's oar blades as the captain's heels passed out of sight. Then I arose to the occasion and made myself famous. I sprang to my feet, tossing my oar to the skipper with the same motion. My hand gripped the handle of the steering oar, and I yelled:

"Give way!"

Jonas, Joe Wing, Manuel and Tom Morrison heard my command, which was half appeal, and answered. It was the last chance for the bull whale, and the bet! They strained on the ash blades until their former efforts were as nothing.

"Steady, steady there! Stand up, Tom," I cried.

Morrison peaked his oar, and the next instant braced his knee in the clumsy cleat, his harpoon above his head. The British boatsteerer, on the other side of the whale, was rising.

"Give it to him!" I yelled.

It was a long dart, but the fourth mate obeyed his after oarsman. The iron gleamed in the air and sank—chock to the hitches—in the blubber.

"Starn all! We're fast!" he shouted.

We picked up the Old Man as we backed out of the way of the whale's flukes.

"Blast you," he said to me, "you're all right!"

I will not deny I was inclined to rejoice over my exploit, but I did not have much leisure to receive congratulations or plume myself. That whale started to sound, and we had to attend to business. Besides it appeared this bull had his herd of cows in the immediate vicinity, and they ranged up when they found their leader was in trouble. The captain told me that ordinarily a bull is looked upon—by the cows—as able to take



From "There She Blows."

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THE TINY IMP SAT ASTRIDE HER PARENT'S NECK.

care of himself. At any rate, he is usually left to fight his battles alone. Our victim's harem must have been near by, although undiscovered by us until the starboard boat had got fast.

LEARNED AT THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

From Curtis Yorke's "Mollie Deverill." (Estes.)

"WELL, then, I have discovered, without doubt, that the person whom I thought was in love with me *is* in love with me."

"I suppose," said Dorian after a pause, "that you don't, by any chance, mean—me?"

She laughed derisively.

"Oh, no, my Dorian; I am not so wanting in sense. I do not think you could ever be in love with me, nor do I think I should care for it to be so."

"Why?" he asked, with pardonable resentment.

"There is not time to discuss it now," she answered, rolling the ends of her sash round her fingers. "What I am about to tell you is this. And, see you, though it is sad, it is, in a way, interesting. This poor young man, this Wedderburn, has been so foolish, it appears, as to allow himself to love me."

"What!" thundered Dorian, standing suddenly erect, and becoming rather white round the mouth. Then he pulled himself together, and said with a short laugh: "Oh, nonsense, Mollie! Your imagination, my dear, is far too vivid for so young a person."

"But it is no imagination," she answered, shaking her head mournfully; "for the poor unhappy one has told me so—absolutely."

"He *told* you so!" said Dorian, in a low, tense voice. "Do you mean to say he dared to say anything of the kind to you—to my wife?"

"But he had to confess, you see, because I asked him," she answered, meeting his stormy eyes fearlessly.

"You asked him?" Dorian repeated, in an indescribable tone. "You asked him—if he was in love with you? I don't believe it."

"But you advised me to do so," she murmured, her eyes growing cloudy with tears. "You yourself advised me. You cannot have forgotten?"

He laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Is this some silly joke?" he asked sternly. "Because, if it is, let me tell you I think it is in confoundedly bad taste."

"It is no joke," she answered, looking aggrieved. "And you will please not look as if you wanted to shake me. You have said to me to go boldly to the head of the fountain and at once ask what I wished to know; and now I have done so, and hasten to tell you, and, behold! you make me die of fright."

"Yes, you look like it," he muttered. Then he added slowly: "And you actually mean to say that that was what you meant last night—to ask the fellow if he was—oh, nonsense! it's inconceivable. No woman could do it."

"I did it," she said, with a certain pride.

"Well—I'm hanged!" he ejaculated slowly.

Then, after a brief silence, he continued:

"And may I ask what else he said, poor devil!"

"Well, he did not say much—not so much as they say in books. And just as you came



From "Our Plymouth Forefathers."

Copyright, 1909, by Dana Estes & Co.

OUR FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

he said he wished he had never seen me. Will you figure it? But, as I have told him, it was better to speak of it, so that for his comfort I could tell him that even if I had been a demoiselle I never would have married him. He is not what you call—my style."

"Do you know that you are a heartless little wretch, Mollie?" he said, after looking at her dispassionately for perhaps half a minute.

THE DISCOURTEOUS CUSTOM HOUSE.

From Alan Dale's "The Great Wet Way."
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE gay young man who has worn two different suits of clothes every day, and who has been very confiding on the subject of the durability of English cloth, suddenly appears garbed in unmistakable New York. His



From "The Great Wet Way."

Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

HE HAS CROSSED THE ATLANTIC FORTY-FIVE TIMES.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I have a heart—somewhere. But for the moment, you see, I do not know where it is."

Dorian shrugged his shoulders.

"I give you up," he said.

He felt that he ought to have been furious with her. But somehow he wasn't. Nor was he furious with the luckless Wedderburn, as he might well have been.

naughty, unpatriotic sentiments have vanished—melted into thin air. He says that New York tailors are good enough for him. He has been all over the world, and has never discovered any sartorial artists who can cut clothes as they cut them in New York. Many people imagine that he buys his clothes abroad. It is ridiculous. They simply do not understand how to build clothes in



From "Are the Dead Alive?" Copyright, 1909, by B. W. Dodge & Co.

CHÂNE MÉDIANIMIQUE.

Europe. Perhaps London cloth lasts longer. Just perhaps. But New York is the greatest city in the universe for clothes that are elegant and personal. Abroad, clothes are impersonal. The gay young man seems nervous and "not himself."

The pretty girl who attracted so much attention at the concert by the exquisite evening gown that she wore—a gown that had "Paris" marked all over it—and who told all enquirers that she had several others even nicer in the hold of the ship, wears the look of the hunted antelope as the steamer nears her destination. She is clad in a simple shirt-waist and skirt, and she appears at dinner in one of those pleasant little American blouses that one sees in New York marked "four ninety-eight, reduced from six-fifty." She is from Scranton, Pa., and she tells everybody what splendid dressmakers they have in Scranton, Pa. Honestly, it would have been ludicrous for her to buy anything in Paris and Vienna. She saw nothing there to compare with the "creations" she could always find in Scranton, Pa.

The trusting and loquacious individual in the smokeroom who, on cold days, has worn a fur overcoat that nobody but European royalty or American bad actors would dare to wear, and who has thoughtlessly displayed the label inside, under your very eyes, becomes very pensive as the trip nears its end. He asks you pathetically if you think he ought to "declare"—a pair of shoes he bought in Europe.

"You see, I was there for four months," he says diffidently, "and shoes *do* wear out. I tramped about a good deal, and finally bought some new shoes. Nothing else whatsoever. Now, is it necessary to declare them? Of course, I am perfectly willing to pay duty on them."

He has a hunted look in his eyes. The fur overcoat is lying across the seat, and the label, from force of habit, is ostentatiously displayed. You solemnly advise him to declare his new shoes. After all, it is the best policy to live up to rules and regulations. He thanks you dejectedly, and agrees with you. He will declare the shoes at a sovereign. They really cost a trifle less than a sovereign.

The "good fellow" who has been the "life and soul" of the trip, and whose exuberant moods have made him immensely popular, appears to be one of those uncanny people freighted with a guilty secret. He has been joviality personified all the way over; his ringing laughter was infectious; his humorous sallies were side-splitting. But as the hustle and bustle that precede arrival are noted, he sits and mopes. He button-holes passengers, and asks them leading questions about their purchases abroad. He is exceedingly interested in what they bought. There is a sinister look in his eyes as he awaits their answers. His manner suggests that he has "skipped" his hotel bill, or something worse. He is morose, and occasionally cynical. He gives vent to utterances that are distressingly unpatriotic.

Says he: "What I don't like about this business of getting back is the Custom House treatment. They force you to declare your purchases abroad, and then go through your trunks just the same. You make an oath and they don't believe it. In no other country are you treated so discourteously."

WHEN AMERICA WAS COMPLETING ITSELF.

From Curwood's "The Great Lakes." (Putnam.)

UNNUMBERED thousands of years ago, before the glaciers of the Ice Age crept over the continent; when prehistoric monsters, still living in a tropical world, roamed throughout what is now the lake region, and when man, if he existed at all, was in his crudest form, the Great Lakes were still unborn. Where their ninety-five thousand square miles of surface now afford the world's greatest highways of water commerce there were then vast areas of plain, of highland and plateau, rising at times to the eminence of mountains. Those were the days when the North American continent was completing itself, when the last handiwork in the creation of a world was in progress. In place of the lakes there were then a number of great rivers in these regions—rivers, which despite the passing of ages, have left their channels and their marks to this day. These rivers were all of one system and were all tributary to one great stream, the Laurentian River, whose channel to the sea was that of the St. Lawrence of to-day. Were it pos-

sible for one to conceive himself back in those primitive times a journey over this first great system of the continent would have carried him, first of all, from the still unfinished ocean along the south shore of what is now Lake Ontario. He would have travelled within ten miles of where scores of towns and cities now flourish, and almost directly opposite what is now the Niagara River he would have encountered another great stream pouring into the Laurentian from the south and west. This river continued almost through the middle of what is now Lake Erie, and opposite where Sandusky is now situated divided itself into two branches which still exist in the Maumee and the Detroit. The Laurentian continued northward close along the southern shore of Georgian Bay, turned southward to the centre of the Lake Huron basin, where the Huronian River, sweeping across central Michigan, joined it from Saginaw Bay. The Laurentian itself passed northward through the Straits of Mackinaw and terminated in what is now Lake Michigan. The story of this vast water system has been left in clearly defined outlines; its indelible marks are ancient valleys, sand-filled channels of the great streams, and worn escarpments. Seldom has science had an easier story to read of ages that are gone.

HOW FRANK NORRIS WAS DISCOVERED.

From Will Irwin's Introduction to "The Third Circle." (Lane.)

IN the heavy intervals of waiting "to put the paper to bed" I killed time and gained instruction by reading the back files of the *Wave*, and especially that part of the files which preserved the early, prentice work of Frank Norris.

He was a hero to us all in those days, as he will ever remain a heroic memory—that unique product of our Western soil, killed, for some hidden purpose of the gods, before the time of full blossom. He had gone East but a year since to publish the earliest in his succession of rugged, virile novels—"Moran of the Lady Letty," "McTeague," "Blix," "A Man's Woman," "The Octopus," and "The Pit." The East was just beginning to learn that he was great; we had known it long before. With a special interest, then, did I, his humble cub successor as sub-editor and sole staff writer, follow that prentice work of his from the period of his first brief sketches, through the period of rough, brilliant short stories hewed out of our life in the Port of Adventures, to the period of that first serial which brought him into his own.



From "The Great Lakes."

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ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND. ONE OF THE NATURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

It was a surpassing study of the novelist in the making. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, owner, editor and burden-bearer of the *Wave*, was in his editing more an artist than a man of business. He loved "good stuff"; he could not bear to delete a distinctive piece of work just because the populace would not understand. Norris, then, had a free hand. Whatever his thought of that day, whatever he had seen with the eye of his flash or the eye of his imagination, he might write and print. You began to feel him in the files of the year 1895, by certain distinctive sketches and fragments. You traced his writing week by week until the sketches became "Little Stories of the Pavements." Then longer stories, one every week, even such stories as "The Third Circle," "Miracle Joyeaux," and "The House with the Blinds"; then, finally, a novel, written *feuilleton* fashion week by week—"Moran of the Lady Letty." A curious circumstance attended the publication of "Moran" in the *Wave*. I discovered it myself during those Tuesday night sessions over the files; and it illustrates how this work was done. He began it in the last weeks of 1897, turning it out and sending it straight to the printer as part of his daily stint. The *Maine* was blown up February 14, 1898. In the later chapters of "Moran," he introduced the destruction of the *Maine* as an incident! It was this serial, brought to the attention of *McClure's Magazine*, which finally drew Frank Norris East.

"The studio sketches of a great novelist," Gellert Burgess has called these ventures and

fragments. Burgess and I, when the *Wave* finally died of too much merit, stole into the building by night and took away one set of old files. A harmless theft for sentiment, we told ourselves; for by moral right they belonged to us, the sole survivors in San Francisco of those who had helped make the *Wave*. And, indeed, by this theft we saved them from the great fire of 1906. When we had them safe at home, we spent a night running over them, marvelling again at those rough creations of blood and nerve which Norris had made out of that city which was the first love of his awakened intelligence.

ONLY DIAMONDS TO QUENCH HIS THIRST.

From Bartlett's "Web of the Golden Spider."
(Small, Maynard & Co.)

WILSON's thoughts now centered on nothing else but this. Water stood for everything in the world—for the world itself, because it meant life. Water—water—nothing else could quench the fever which tore at his throat like a thing with a million sharp claws—nothing else could clear his brain—nothing else put the strength back into his legs.

Back into the cave he pressed—back into the unknown dark. The flinty sides were cool. He stopped to press his cheeks against them, then licked them with his dry tongue. Back—back away from the temptation to jump, he staggered. Another step, for all he



From "The Book of the Cottage Garden."

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ROUGH PAVING WITH PLANTS IN CREVICES.

knew, might plunge him into some dark well; but even so, it wouldn't matter much. There might be water at the bottom. Now and then he paused to listen, for it seemed to him he caught the musical tinkling of dripping water. He pictured a crystal stream such as that in which when a boy he used to fish for trout, tinkling over the clean rock surfaces—a sparkling, fairy waterfall where at the bottom he might scoop up icy handfuls.

He tried to pierce the dark to where this sound seemed to be. He struck one of his precious matches. The flame which he held before him was repeated a thousand times, in a shining pool to the left. With a throaty, animal-like cry, he threw himself forward and plunged his hands into the pool. They met a cutting surface of a hundred little stones. He groped all around; nothing but these little stones. He grabbed a handful of them and struck another match. This was no pool of water—this was not a crystal spring—it was nothing but a little pile of diamonds. In a rage he flung them from him.

Jewels—jewels when he wanted water! Baubles of stone when he thirsted! Surely the gods here who guarded these vanities must be laughing. If each

of these crystals had only been a drop of that crystal which gives life and surcease to burning throats—if only these bits could resolve themselves into that precious thing which they mocked with their clearness!

Maddened by the visions these things had summoned, he staggered back to the opening. At least he must have air—big, cooling draughts of air. It was the one thing which was left to him. He would bathe in it and drink it into his hot lungs. He moved on his hands and knees with his head dropped low between them like a wounded animal. It was almost as though he had become a child once more—life had become now so elemental. Of all the things this big world furnished, he wanted now but that one thing which it furnishes in such abundance. Just water—nothing else. Water of which there were lakes full and rivers full; water which thundered by the ton over crags; water which flooded down over all the earth. And this, the freest of all things, was taken from him while that for which men cut one another's throats was



From "The Rule of Three."

Copyright, 1909, by Small, Maynard & Co.

"IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE, WHY DID YOU COME UP HERE?"

flung in his face. Yes, he had become just a child once more—a child mouthing for the breast of Nature. —

DICK'S MISER GRANDFATHER AND DICK'S GIRL.

From H. Townleys' "A Scarlet Feather." (Watt.)

HER heart beat wildly until she was actually in the room, and the little huddled-up figure on the bed came into view. Then, she lost all her terror, and felt only pity for the shriveled, ape-like creature.

"Sit down, Miss Dundas. It is kind of you to visit an old man."

"You wished me to come to you?" murmured Dora.

"Yes, Miss Dundas, I sent for you. I made your acquaintance two years ago. I was only in a bath-chair then; now, you see what I have come to."

"I am deeply sorry."

"When you came before," said Herresford, bluntly, "I liked the look of you, Miss Dora; and I said to myself that, if Dick was not a



From "The Scarlet Feather." Copyright, 1909, by W. J. Watt & Co.

"NOW YOU ARE MINE . . . AND WE'RE ENGAGED."

fool and blind, he would choose you for his wife."

"Don't! Don't!" cried Dora. "I'm engaged to marry Mr. Ormsby."

"An excellent match—a match that does credit to your head, my girl. But Ormsby is not a man—he's only a machine. He thinks too much of his money. With him, it's money, money—all money. A bad thing! A bad thing!"

Dora opened her eyes wide in surprise, wondering if she heard aright. Was this the miser?

"Now, Dick was a man—and he died like a gentleman—with his back to the wall—hurling defiance at the muzzles of the enemy's rifles."

Dora nodded.

"Now, if he had married a wife like you, a girl with a level head and a stiff upper lip, a girl with not sufficient sentiment to make her a fool, nor enough brains to be a prig, but just clever enough to supply her husband's deficiencies, he would have been my heir, and this place and all my money would have been his—and yours."

"Why do you tell me these things now?"

"Because I don't want you to marry Ormsby."

"Why not? It is to please my father. I shall never love anybody as I loved Dick, and I might as well recognize the fact."

"Then, take the advice of an old man who

married a woman who loved someone else. My wife married to please her father—married me. As my wife, she hated me. I hated her. She brought up my daughter to look upon me as a monster. Everything I did was unreasonable, eccentric, wicked; everything I said, absurd; every admonition, harshness; every economy, meanness. Well; I'm the sort of man that, when people pull me one way, I go the other. She spoiled my life, and I consoled myself with money—money—money!"

The old man dragged himself nearer to the edge of the bed, and, reaching over, tapped his bony fingers on Dora's knee. "Come, now—come—tell me that you'll think it over, and not marry Ormsby."

"O don't!—don't!" cried the girl.

"You can't—you sha'n't marry Ormsby. Dick'll haunt you—and sooner than you know."

"I've thought of that," sobbed the girl, "and I've tried to conquer it."

"Besides, no man is dead in a war till his body is buried. Get one lover under ground before you lead the other over his grave."

"You don't mean—you don't mean to suggest that you think there's any doubt?" cried Dora.

"There's no doubt on one point," chuckled the old man, relapsing into his usual sardonic manner. "You're not going to marry Ormsby—ha! ha! He thought he'd do me out of seven thousand dollars—and I've robbed him of his wife. Good business!"

AN ARTISTIC TWO-ROOMED BUNGALOW.

From "Low-Cost Suburban Homes." (Winston.)

No more obtrusive than the lichens on the pasture lot is the summer home of Mr. C. W. Parker, who has succeeded admirably in placing an artistic two-roomed bungalow on a prominent and sightly spot in a most inconspicuous and harmonious way—an architectural feat of no small merit. This bungalow is situated at Marblehead Neck, on a rocky ledge not far from the Causeway, in what was formerly a bit of pasture land which has been transformed into a delightful garden with all its natural beauties preserved. The house is of wood, painted white, of a plain but effective style, with shingled roof and chimney of pasture stone. Inside there is no sheathing, the frame timbers being exposed; the woodwork is of cypress, shellacked, and the one large room is open to the ridge-pole. The floor of hardwood is polished and partly covered by a large rug, on which stands the table piled with books and magazines. Comfortable chairs and couches, with an open fireplace, complete a very attractive interior. Shelves fitted between the timbers of the framing make handy places for books and odds and ends, while over the doors and window frames are choice pieces of china. A bowl of bright nasturtiums, on a canton wicker seat near the window, adds a finishing touch to a cosy home-like interior. Opening off the main room at the rear is a small but complete kitchen, where the culinary part of the household is attended to, while between this and the living-room on the northeast side is a bath.

THE FRENCH LADY CHAUFFEUR.

From Edith Macvane's "The Black Flier." (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

DESPERATELY, like the lame duck of the proverb, Dick hopped toward the side of the road. But his right leg, weakened by the shock which had crippled its mate, crumpled under the double stress thus put upon it. Swaying to and fro, Dick supported himself upright. He waved his arms frantically. "Hi!" he shouted. "Help, there! Help! Hi!"

The car swerved so violently as barely to escape a skid. Its roar was in his ears, the hot breath of its gasoline fumes scorched his face in their terrifying nearness. Then the dry, reassuring puff of dust. Again Dick shouted with fierce insistence:

"Hi! hello there! Help, I say, help!"

The motor's speed had already slackened. Dick stared in delighted amazement. Then wheeling in a half-circle, it came smoothly back to the spot where he sat.

With a click of levers, the car came to a full stop beside him. Dick, kneeling in the dust, gazed upward. Not till this moment had he observed the fact that the driver of this reckless but obliging car was a woman.

Veils, goggles, and a Parisian motor-coat of raw silk, served to obscure from the beholder all facts save this central one of her sex. "I'm sorry to bother you, but you see I've had an accident—" Dick began. His remarks were, however, cut short by the lady who, leaning down over her steering-wheel, addressed him in a voluble flood of French.

Dick was non-plussed. The fact of the chauffeur's sex had been a blow sufficiently hard to bear—now when, for the first time in his conscious existence, he so emphatically needed the aid of a man's efficient arm—but a Frenchwoman!

Dick's French—a survival of a happy fortnight which, just previous to his engagement to Daphne, he had spent in Paris with little Tom Codrington—was now badly attenuated by ten years of American disuse.

"J'ai fait une injure—" he began. Then, remembering that "injure" meant insult, and might lead him into fresh troubles, he stopped short. His gesture toward his wounded leg, however, was more eloquent. The lady understood at once.

"Eh, bien, monsieur, montez, montez!"

Her voice rang and thrilled with a curious excitement, which fell pleasantly on Dick's ear. After his

month's experience of respectable British immobility it was something, even for a moment, to come in contact with a woman to whom an adventure, ever so small, was still an adventure. And through the mica screen which covered them, her eyes looked out large and bright. Dick smiled at her cheerfully as he hoisted himself to an upright position. The injured limb dangled limply, as he stood for one painful moment, gripping the side of the machine. Even in that breathless instant, his eye took in the details of a beautiful six-cylinder car of French manufacture—a seven passenger car of the most modern design, shining, powerful, and exquisite. Certainly a very desirable equipage to enter, but—

The lady burst into a little nervous laugh.

"Ca se voit bien, vous avez besoin de mon aide!" In the twinkling of an eye she had whisked from the car and stood beside him in the dust.

She was a little thing. Even in her bulky, veil-wrapped Paris hat, she stood hardly higher than his ear. Nevertheless, she offered him her shoulder with an indomitable courage. He hesitated. The shoulder was so slender, and the bulk which it offered to support was so ridiculously huge! She stamped her foot.



From "The Black Flier."

Copyright, 1909, by Moffat, Yard & Co

THERE WAS A VISION OF A PLUNGING HORSE, A PERSPECTIVE OF FRANTIC MOTHERS.

"Si vous vous figurez que je n'ai point de muscle, monsieur!" she protested scornfully. She seized his elbow in a hand which, though small, was surprisingly firm. "Montez, monsieur, montez!"

Her actual words, as spoken, left a confused impression in the mind of the unfortunate Dick. There was no mistaking, however, the urgent benevolence of the hand which gripped his elbow, or the shoulder which raised and stiffened itself in the offer of support. He acceded gratefully.

"It's disgusting to put weight like this on a woman," he answered swiftly, in the ready if uncomprehended efficiency of his native tongue. "But there's no one else in sight, and since you're so good—here goes, madame!"

The tortured sinews wrenched themselves all together in a sickening pang. The next instant his battered form was deposited comfortably in the deep leather cushions of the car. His benefactress, whipping back to her place beside him, paused for one breathless instant to lean over into the tonneau and pro-

duce a tweed motor-cap with goggles attached. Even in his present painful confusion of body and mind, Dick was conscious of the absurd figure which his silk hat and bandaged eye cut in an automobile. So while his companion, with a practiced hand, threw the starting-lever, he gratefully assumed the offered head-dress. The mechanism beneath them quivered into life, and the car resumed its flying journey toward Wick.

SPLENDID PRESENCE OF MIND.

From Crawford's "The White Sister." (Macmillan.)

GIOVANNI was moving to leave the place when an unfamiliar sound caught his ears, a noise muffled yet sharp, like that of the discharge of musketry heard through a thick wall. The junior officers and the corporal who were with him heard it, too, but did not understand its meaning. Giovanni, however, instantly remembered the story told by one of the survivors from a terrible explosion of ammunition near Naples many years previously. That muffled sound of quick firing came from metallic cartridges exploding within the cases that held them; each case would burst and set fire to others beside it; like the spark that runs along a fuse, the train of boxes would blow up in quick succession till the large stores of gunpowder were fired and then a mass of dynamite beyond. There were divisions in the vaults, there were doors, there were walls, but Giovanni well knew that no such barriers would avail for more than a few minutes.

Without raising his voice, he led his companions to the open door, speaking as he went.

"The magazine will blow up in two or three minutes at the outside," he said. "Send the men running in all directions, and go yourselves, to warn the people in the cottages near by to get out of doors at once. It will be like an earthquake; every house within five hundred yards will be shaken down. Now run! Run for your lives and to save the lives of others! Call out the men as you pass the gates."

The three darted away across the open space that lay between the central building and the guard-house. Giovanni ran, too, but not away from the danger. There were sentries stationed at intervals all round the outer wall, as round the walls of a prison, and they would have little chance of life if they remained at their posts. Giovanni ran like a deer, but even so he lost many seconds in giving his orders to each sentinel, to run straight for the open fields to the nearest cottages and to give warning. The astonished sentinels obeyed instantly, and Giovanni ran on. He reached the very last just too late; at that moment the thunder of the explosion rent the air. He felt the earth rock and was thrown violently to the ground; then something struck his right arm and shoulder, pinning him down; he closed his eyes and was beyond hearing or feeling.

Within three-quarters of an hour the road to Monteverde was thronged with vehicles of all sorts and with crowds of people on foot.



From "The White Sister." Copyright, 1909, by The Macmillan Company.

THE WHITE SISTER.



From "The Spell of Italy."

Copyright, 1909, by L. C. Page & Co.

SORRENTO.

The nature of the disaster had been understood at once by the soldiery, and the explanation had spread among the people, rousing that strange mixture of curiosity and horror that draws the common throng to the scene of every accident or crime. But amongst the very first the King was on the spot with half-a-dozen superior officers, and in the briefest possible time the search for dead and wounded began. The story of Giovanni's splendid presence of mind and heroic courage ran from mouth to mouth. The junior officers and the men whom he had sent in all directions came in and reported themselves to the officer who had taken charge of everything for the time being. Only one man was missing—only one man and Giovanni himself. A few casualties amongst the peasants were reported, but not a life had been lost and hardly a bone was broken. Yet Giovanni was missing.

It was late when a squad of four artillerymen heard a low moan that came from under a heap of stone close by them. In an instant they were at work with the pickaxes and spades they had borrowed from the peasants' houses, foreseeing what their work would be. From time to time they paused a moment and listened. Before long they recognized their comrade's voice.

"Easy, brothers! Don't crack my skull with your pickaxes, for Heaven's sake!"

They cleared away the rubbish and looked at him as he lay on his back pale and motionless under the light of their lanterns. They knew what he had done now; they understood that of all he was the hero. One of the men took off his cap reverently, and immediately the others followed his example, and so they all stood for a few moments looking at him

in silence and in deference to his brave deeds. Then they set to work in silence to move the heavy block of broken masonry that had felled him, and their comrade helped them too, though he was stiff and bruised and dazed from the terrific shock. As the mass yielded at last before their strength and rolled away, one of the men uttered a cry.

"He is alive!" he exclaimed. "He moved his head!"

"We must take him to the White Sisters," said the eldest of them. "That is where his brother was so long."

THE GREAT SPHINX.

From B. M. Carson's "From Cairo to the Cataract."
(Page.)

WITH many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and some misgivings the party now climbed into the gay saddles on the backs of the kneeling camels, and holding tightly to the pommels, were jerked up into space and carried rocking over the sandy way three hundred and fifty yards to the southeast to interview the Sphinx which looms grandly up before one even from that high vantage-point.

The Sphinx faces the east; it is hewn out of a ridge of solid rock, to which slabs of limestone have been added to round out its form. The body extends along this ridge a hundred and fifty feet; the head is thirty feet high, the paws fifty feet long, and the monument altogether seventy feet in height. The body is buried in sand, but a pit has been dug about the front of it, round the edge of which we rode and looked across at the monster image lying there huge and imperturbable—the riddle of the ages. The head originally bore



From "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Copy-right, 1909, by John Lane Co.

JANE WELSH.

the royal serpent. The eyebrows, nose and rays of the head-dress were painted red. The nose and beard have been broken off and their fragments strew the ground. Between the paws was discovered an open temple, in the middle of which lies a small recumbent lion facing the Sphinx. Close to the breast is an altar and the memorial stone of Thutmose IV, on which he is seen sacrificing to the Sungod Harmakhis, who is represented as a sphinx. The inscription relates that the god appeared one day to the sleeping prince, promising the youth the crown of Egypt if the latter would "free him from the dust of the desert sand that encumbered him." This Thutmose did, B.C. 1533—about the time that Moses was rescued from the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter. The record further indicates that Thutmose IV regarded Khafre as the builder of the Sphinx.

In the Gizeh Museum at Cairo is a stela or slab which was found at one of the Pyramids near the Sphinx and which bears an engraving of the great image there mentioned as being in existence in the days of Khufu and Khafre, B.C. 2900. This inscription proves the origin of the Sphinx to be undoubtedly prehistoric. Archæologists are yet undecided as to whether or not Khafre was the architect. The many sphinxes in Egypt were usually portraits of the Pharaohs—the lion's body symbolizing imperial power.

The Great Sphinx is the only isolated one known in Egypt; they are usually in pairs or in long avenues leading to temples. Those of the Pharaonic period are almost invariably masculine, with either a man's or a ram's head.

CHECKING JANE WELSH'S INORDINATE LOVE OF FAME.

From "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." (John Lane Company.)

WHY will you vex and torment yourself so for a precocious fruit, which Time itself would bring to a much happier and more glorious maturity? You must absolutely acquire far more knowledge before your faculties can have anything like fair-play: in your actual condition, I confess they often amaze me. When I was of your age, I had not half the skill. And what haste is there? Rousseau was above thirty before he suspected himself to be anything but a thievish apprentice, and a vagabond little-worth; Cowper became a poet at fifty, and found he was still in time enough. Will you also let me say that I continue to lament this inordinate *love of Fame* which agitates you so; and which, as I believe, lies at the root of all this mischief. I think this feeling unworthy of you; it is far too shallow a principle for a mind like yours. Do not imagine that I make no account of a glorious name; I think it the best of *external* rewards, but never to be set in competition with those that lie *within*. To depend for our highest happiness on the popular breath, to lie at the mercy of every scribbler, for our daily meed of enjoyment, does seem to me a very helpless state. It is the means of fame not the end that chiefly delights me; if I believed that I had done the very uttermost that I could for myself, had cultivated my soul to the very highest pitch that Nature meant it to reach, I think I could be happy tho' no suffrages at all were given me; my conscience would be at rest, I should actually be a worthy man, whatever I might *seem*. You may also take it as an indubitable truth that there is nothing lasting or satisfying in these applauses of others: the only gratification, worth calling by that name, arises from the approval of the *man within*. I may also state my firm conviction, that no man ever became *famous*, entirely, or even chiefly from the *love of fame*. It is the interior fire, the solitary delight which our own hearts experience in these things, and the misery we feel in vacancy, that must urge us, or we shall never reach the goal. The love of Fame will make a Percival Stockdale, but not a Milton or a Schiller. Do you believe in this doctrine? Then study to keep down this strong desire of notoriety; give scope rather to your feeling of the Beautiful and the Great within yourself, conceive that every new idea you get does actually exalt you as a thinking being, every new branch of knowledge your master, does in very truth make you richer and more enviable tho' there were no other being but yourself in the universe to judge you. There is an independence, a grandeur of solitary power, and strong self-help in this, which attracts one greatly. It makes us the arbiters of our own destiny: it is the surest method of getting glory, and the best means of setting us above the want of it. I do beg of you with all my heart to consider these things well; my own opinion seems to me true as the truest sentence in the Gospel!

"NEVER CALLED ME 'FOREIGN DOG' BEFORE."

From Rideout's "Dragon's Blood." (Houghton Mifflin.)

Wu, their lantern-bearer, had turned back, and they had begun to pass a few quiet, expectant shops, when a screaming voice, ahead, outraged the evening stillness.

At the first words, Heywood doubled his pace.

"Come along. Here's a lark—or a tragedy."

Jostling through a malodorous crowd that blockaded the quarrel, they gained the threshold of a lighted shop. Against a rank of orderly shelves, a fat merchant stood at bay, silent, quick-eyed, apprehensive. Before him, like an actor in a mad scene, a sobbing ruffian, naked to the waist, convulsed with passion, brandished wild fists and ranted with incredible sounds. When breath failed, he staggered, gasping, and swept his audience with the glazed unmeaning stare of drink or lunacy. The merchant spoke up, timid and deprecating. As though the words were vitriol, the other started, whirled face to face, and was seized with a new raving.

Something protruded at his waistband, like a rudimentary, Darwinian stump. To this, all at once, his hand flung back. With a wrench and a glitter, he flourished a blade above his head. Heywood sprang to intervene, in the same instant that the disturber of trade swept his arm down in frenzy. Against his own body, hilt and fist thumped home, with the sound as of a football lightly punted. He turned, with a freezing look of surprise, plucked at the haft, made one step calmly and tentatively toward the door, stumbled, and lay retching and coughing.

The fat shop-keeper wailed like a man beside himself. He gabbled, imploring Heywood. The young man nodded. "Yes, yes," he repeated irritably, staring down at the body, but listening to the stream of words.

Murmurs had risen among the goblin faces blinking in the doorway. Behind them, a sudden voice called out

two words which were caught up and echoed harshly in the street. Heywood whipped about.

"Never called me that before," he said quickly. "Come outside."

He flung back a hurried sentence to the merchant, caught Rudolph's arm, and plunged into the crowd. The yellow men gave passage mechanically, but with lowering faces. Once free in the muddy path, he halted quickly, and looked about.

"Might have known," he grumbled. "Never called me 'Foreign Dog' before, or 'Jesus man.' He set 'em on."

Rudolph followed his look. In the dim light, at the outskirts of the rabble, a man was turning away, with an air of contempt or unconcern. The long, pale, oval face, the hard eyes gleaming with thought, had vanished at a glance. A tall, slight figure, stooping in his long robe, he glided into the darkness. For all his haste, the gait was not the gait of a coolie.

"That," said Heywood, turning into their



From "Dragon's Blood."

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"GOODBY! A PLEASANT VOYAGE."

former path, "that was Fang, the Sword-Pen, so-called. Very clever chap. Of the two most dangerous men in the district, he's one." They had swung along briskly for several minutes, before he added: "The other most dangerous man—you've met him already. If I'm not mistaken, he's no less a person than the Reverend James Earle."

THE VOICE OF A REPUBLICAN CROWN PRINCE.

From A. Partridge's "The Kingdom of Earth."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

THERE was some one upon the platform. They could see nothing, but they were sure of it. Many half rose in their places. Some one tried a little feeble applause, but it died away at once. And then a voice came from where the darkness was deepest, on the left hand side of the platform.

"My fellow countrymen," it said, "I have come at last to talk to you myself. Forgive me if I have chosen a strange way of doing so. Believe me when I assure you honestly that it is best for all of us that you should know me at present only by a name."

"I have come to you myself," the voice continued, "because we of Bergeland are fast approaching the greatest crisis which this

country has ever known. I have given many of the best hours of my life to the framing of a constitution which should contain all that was possible of the best, as little as might be of the purposeless and inutile. That constitution your committee has accepted in its entirety. By organized and carefully arranged classes, by lectures, and by strict selection of teachers in all the schools, we have taught the people of this country the beauty of self-development, their higher duties toward the state, the magnificent and all-conquering creed of a militant and practical republicanism. You sowed the seed, and now, in the result of the elections, you have reaped the harvest. In fourteen days' time you can give to this country legally, and in proper form, what I believe to be the most perfect and truly republican government possessed by any state in the world."

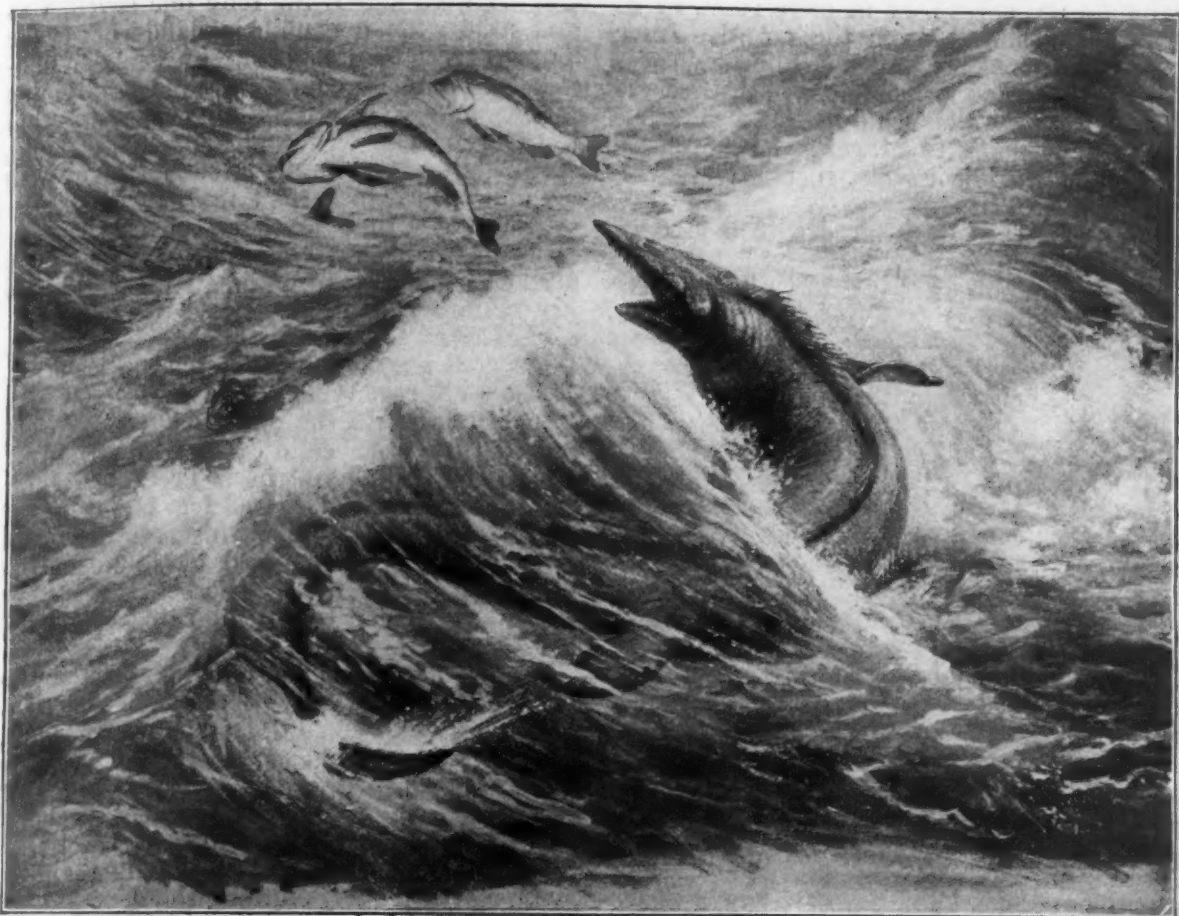
"Now I come," the voice said, "to the reason why I felt it imperative that I should speak to you to-night. We are on the eve of the greatest change through which a nation can pass, and we have an opportunity of making our country famous to-day, and famous throughout the world's history. There is no need for our streets to run red with blood, there is no need for our prisons to be full and our scaffold a shambles. We can follow out our destiny, and we can obey at the same time the greatest of all human laws. I know very well that such mad scenes as those of last night, when some maniac strove to wreck the palace, are not to your liking, are not in your programme. Say to yourselves that they shall not be. If one among you talks of assassination and all the time-worn impediments of anarchy, convert him, or let go. For yourselves, remember that a greater power than brute force is yours. Make your splendid revolution the envy of the world—make it as bloodless as it will be historic. I have come to tell you this, that if my advice, my leadership, the years I have given to your cause, have merited any consideration whatever at your hands, let it come to me in this way, that my request to you to-night is granted; that, one and all you discourage force, avoid bloodshed, forgive where it is necessary, and forget where you can. So shall you build up the great new republic of our dear country upon the finest foundation ever conceived in the hearts of men." The voice ceased. A man arose and turned toward the platform. "What about the King?"



From "The Kingdom of Earth."

Copyright, 1909, by Little, Brown & Co.

"I AM GLAD THAT THERE IS GOING TO BE ONE MORE EVENING."



From "The Life of a Fossil Hunter."

Copyright, 1909, by Henry Holt & Co.

RAM-NOSED TYLOSAUR.

RODIN'S "THE HAND OF GOD."

From Eaton and Underhill's "The Runaway Place."
(Holt.)

THEY found the Rodin by the crowd about it. It stood, a lump of white marble, within a railing in the centre of one of the picture galleries. Over the railing hung a circle of curious faces, and Marie pressed in among them. He followed, and they stood side by side looking down at the lump of white rock called "The Hand of God," ringed by the peering, puzzled faces.

Out of the rough marble is thrust up a huge, strong hand, and this hand, in turn, is grasping a smaller mass of the rough stone in its palm. Out of that smaller mass two nude figures, a male and a female, are emerging. These figures are not clasped in embrace; rather are they coming to a twin birth. Their bodies are doubled, the one around the other, in the birth posture. Their eyes are closed. Yet they are of adult stature—Adam and Eve, perhaps, the eternal male, the eternal female, twin born.

The marble plainly puzzled the crowd. "It ain't finished is it? Probably the sculptor began it and then died," shrilled a woman's voice.

"But God's got six fingers!" someone else exclaimed, viewing the composition from a rear angle that showed only Adam's foot.

"It's a hand holding a baby," a father was explaining to his children, as they passed with a casual glance.

But Marie and Philip moved slowly around the rail, paying scant attention to the comments over their shoulders. This lump of half carved marble, set in its circle of peering human faces, was speaking to them new and subtle things.

"He holds us in the hollow of His hand," whispered Marie.

"There is something strangely poignant," Philip answered, "in the way that man's head rests against the woman's bosom. His eyes are not yet opened, yet he knows where to lay his head. '*Das Ewig-weibliche zieht uns hinan!*' It was ordained from the beginning. It is the law back of the universe, back in the cosmic lump God held in his hand!"

Marie's hands grasped the rail tightly. She made no answer. But presently she said, "How white and soft the marble is where Rodin has brought his flesh to a finish!"

"He is the greatest living master of texture," Philip answered.

He tried to speak calmly, but he could not. He was battling with an impulse to lay his hand down hard on the rail over hers, to embody all critical comment in a long, hungry look into her eyes. Her body suddenly thrilled him, her close presence at his side was beyond words sweet. Perhaps, by some intuition, she knew this, for she turned abruptly to depart, and they were suddenly conscious of the press of people about them, ringing the marble lump.

Instinctively they hastened through the galleries, tingling with their own sensations,

avoiding the anticlimax of mere paint, or of senseless comment from the crowd. Alive when he entered the museum, Philip was now in that condition of emotional sensitiveness when the soul waits on tip-toe for a miracle.

"What is going to happen?" he whispered excitedly into Marie's ear, though there was no need for whispers.

Her own eyes were large with a kind of wonder and joy and fear.

"I don't know, I don't know," she said, half breathlessly.

RIVAL SUITORS FOR THE CANNIBAL QUEEN.

From C. F. Pidgin's "Further Adventures of Quincy Adams Sawyer." (L. C. Page & Co.)

MR. RICKER turned to the company and said: "Gentlemen, shall I intrude upon your time if I relate just one of my adventures"

"Oh, go ahead," said Strout. "It's our rule to let a man talk until we get enough, and then—"

He raised his right foot, suddenly.

"I understand," said Mr. Ricker. "When I was about twenty-two years old our vessel

was wrecked and I, the only one saved, was cast ashore on a cannibal island—or, to be more correct ethnologically, an island inhabited by cannibals. I was a handsome young fellow, and it is not at all surprising that the Queen, who was young, unmarried, and, fortunately, very pretty, fell in love with me and wished to become my wife.

"But the Prime Minister, or Great Panjandrum, as he was called, wished his son to marry the Queen and become King, so he and his minions planned to get rid of me.

"Lola-Akwa, that was the Queen's name, discovered the plot, and resolved to save me.

"You all read your Bibles, and you will remember that in the olden days there were places that were called 'Cities of Refuge.' On that island there was a Tree of Refuge. It was at least one hundred feet high and for two hundred feet from it, in every direction, not a tree or shrub could be found. This open space gave the pursuers a fine chance for an arrow shot before the refugee reached the tree.

"Lola-Akwa told me to climb to the top of that tree and stay there until she sent word for me to come down.

"But the Great Panjandrum discovered my hiding place. The Queen declared that I was protected by all that was sacred in their religion, but the Great Panjandrum proved by the cannibal Bible that only cannibals were entitled to its protection. He said they would roast a man, and if I would eat him and pick his bones I might go free. I declined, for I am rather particular about my diet.

"Then the Great Panjandrum seized an axe and struck at the foot of the tree. Others followed his wicked example and it soon began to totter. They next tied a rope about the trunk of the tree. The plotters were sixteen in number—I counted them. They stood in line, tugging at the rope.

"Lola-Akwa stood far back awaiting the terrible moment of my death. I could see that her eyes were filled with tears. The tree fell, and I went flying through the air—to certain death!

"When I came to, I found myself clasped in Lola-Akwa's arms. 'Where am I?' I asked. 'Look,' she said. I did, and learned the wonderful truth.

"The Great Tree had fallen upon the Great Panjandrum and his fifteen conspirators and killed them all."



From "A Gentleman of Quality."

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WITH A QUICK MOTION LADY MERCY STEPPED
BETWEEN ASHTON AND THE DOOR.

For a moment there was silence, then a chorus of voices exclaimed: "Did you marry the Queen?"

The stranger pressed his hand upon his forehead.

"No. If I remember correctly some one held an ace and took my Queen."

He arose from the nail-keg.

"I'm hungry. I would like some supper and a bed for the night. To-morrow I will embrace my only living relative. Is there a boarding house in town?"

"Somethin' better'n that," said Abner. "We've got a Hotel—the Hawkins House. Mrs. Hawkins keeps it. I'm going along that way and I'll interduce you. She's a pretty good talker herself," and Abner winked with both eyes as they went out.

"Well," said Benoni, as the door closed after them, "The Bible says Ananias was a pretty good story teller, but that gentleman seems to have added some modern improvements."

"He's a cussed liar," said Bob Weed.

"And if Mrs. Hawkins is smart she'll make him pay in advance."

The door was thrown open full width and two men rushed in.

"Have you seen him?" cried one.

"Seen who?" asked Strout.

"He's tall—black clothes—had on a straw hat—"

"Who in thunder is he?" cried Strout.

"He's a lunatic—just escaped from the asylum. We tracked him to this town—"

"He's gone to the hotel," said Bob Wood. "You can nab him easy there. I'll show you the way."

The men started on the run, led by Bob Wood, and followed by all who had been enjoying the hospitality afforded by the soap-boxes, nail-kegs, and the red-hot stove.

"What beats me," said Hiram, "is how he knew all about the Ricker family."

"Simple enough," said Strout with a sneer. "That ass Abner told him the whole business. He never could keep his mouth shet. That's the reason I wouldn't give him a job in this store."

Mr. Strout extinguished some of the lights, locked the door, and resumed his seat by the stove.

"Ain't you going home?" asked Hiram.

"Not jest yet; I've some thinkin' to do. I don't take much stock in fightin', but I'd like to punch Abner Stiles' head."

BREAKING A BRONCHO.

From Kramer's "The Chrysalis." (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.)

"Look out, Mister, he's headed this way!" shouted one youth, and as he spoke he scrambled up onto a pile of lumber near at hand.

Seb paused in surprise and uncertainty, but his mystification was only fleeting. There was a clatter on the board walk, half a dozen men were seen darting across the street in



From "The Chrysalis."

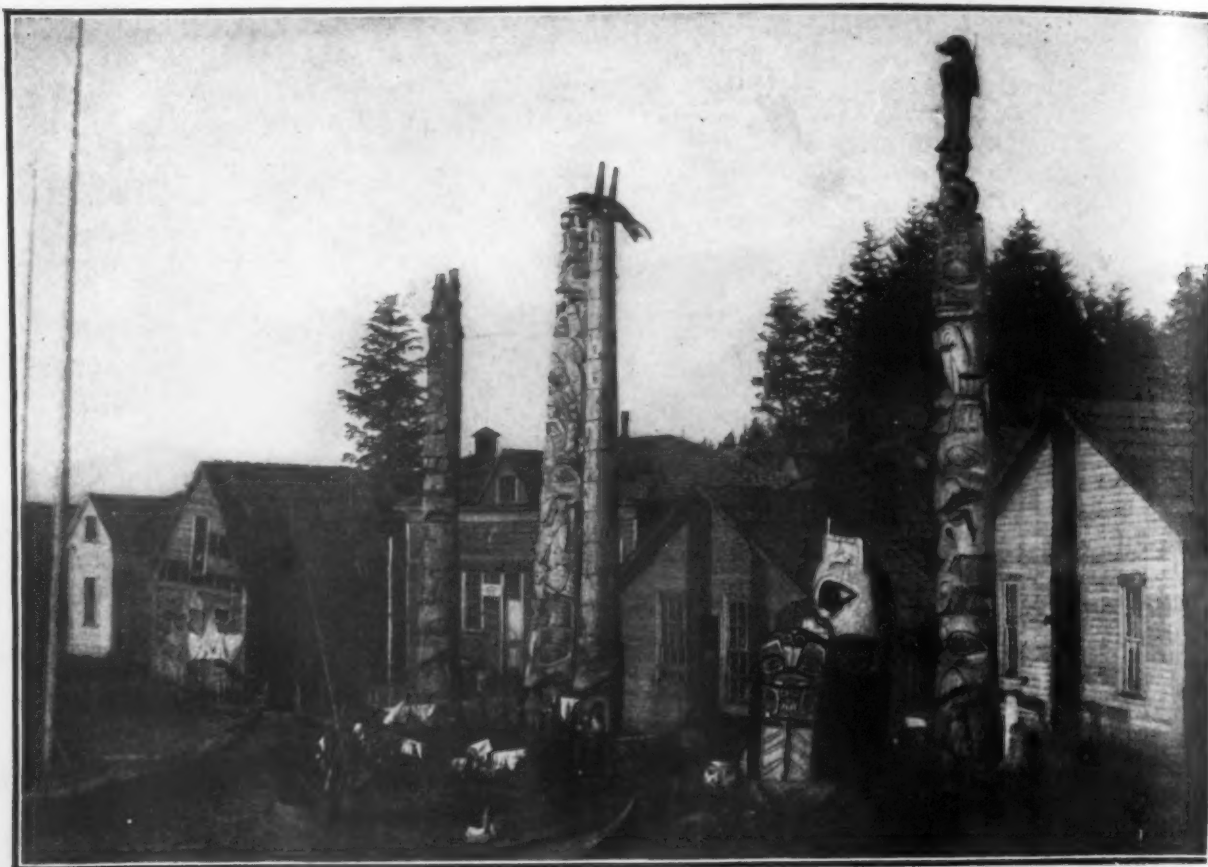
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THE NEW COMERS CARRIED THEMSELVES WITH AN EASY GRACE.

another direction, and then there came a wild cry:

"E-e-e-yoo-o-p! Ye-e-e-o-ho-o-oh! Jump, ye milk-eyed devil, jump!"

Simultaneously with the shout, a broncho sprang into view, bucking with all of the devilish vigor known to the breed. It had cleared the sidewalk of spectators by bucking from the street onto the walk, and now it cleared the corner and, springing high and bawling like a calf, it lunged straight toward a hay wagon standing beside the road. In its blind fury the broncho would have plunged



From "The Apostle of Alaska."

Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

TOTEM POLES AT HOWKAN, ALASKA.

into the wagon, for bridle reins are as useless as cotton threads in guiding a bunche-grass cayuse on a bucking spree, but the yelling rider snatched off his sombrero, and leaning forward in the saddle, began beating the animal on the side of its head. The heroic treatment was effective, for the brute turned its head to escape punishment, and the next leap carried it away from the danger. Then the rider straightened in the saddle, and again the time-honored slogan of the broncho "buster" rang out: "E-e-e-yoo-o-p! Ye-e-e-o-ho-o-oh!"

The heavy spurs flashed from withers to flanks, and the cayuse's bawl of rage was changed to a shrill scream of pain as it again sprang high and "sunfished," that is, turned while in mid-air and came down facing in an entirely different direction, and with its head close to the ground. Layton knew that a bucking broncho saw nothing and heeded nothing in its awful plunges to unseat a rider, so he quickly sought a point of safety, from where he watched the battle between man and beast. Finally the broncho threw itself on its side and tried to crush its rider, but the man was too wary; before it had touched the ground he was out of the saddle, and before it had fully regained its feet again he had sprung to the saddle, and quirt and spur were scourging the animal mercilessly. The broncho yielded. Its bawling ceased, there were one or two "sheep bucks," and then it stood stock still, sweat dripping from its flanks, and where the spurs had bitten blood mingled with the foam.

"Git up, ye devil!"

The triple-lashed quirt stung its haunches and the rowels again prodded the bleeding flanks. The cayuse trembled in every muscle, and then slowly trotted forward to the cheers of the crowd. To show his confidence in his mastery, the rider withdrew one foot from the stirrup, threw his leg over the saddle horn, and fanned himself with his sombrero. After riding up the street a short distance, he turned and trotted the animal back to the corner. And now Layton got a good look at him. It was Dan Johns.

Dan drew rein and sprang from the saddle, dropping the long reins to the ground as he did so. The pony stood panting and blowing. Seb stepped forward.

"That was a good job of riding, Dan," he said, extending his hand.

Johns looked at him in surprise.

THE SNUFF-BOX WAS THERE.

From J. R. Scott's "The Woman in Question."
(Lippincott.)

"MRS. GASCOYNE is at home," he said, presenting the silver tray when he saw that the visitor would use a card—and bowing him into the drawing-room.

Landor was so surprised, that, for a moment he actually had stared at Brown, and fumbled in the wrong pocket for his card-case. He would have been surprised, even more, had he known that to only himself

and Harwood was she at home—himself, if he came before five o'clock; Harwood, any time.

He went straight to the crystal cabinet—the snuff-box was there, down on the lowest shelf, half hidden by the little fan, and lying exactly as when he saw it yesterday.

The trail of a gown, in the hall, brought him quickly around and toward the door.

Mildred greeted him as though he were a welcome guest.

"It's very nice of you to come again, so soon," she said, giving him her hand, and motioning him to a chair, near the one she chose with the light behind her.

"I am delighted to come!" he smiled, meeting what he took to be sarcasm in her words, with the double meaning of his own.

"To see the snuff-box," she laughed. "Oh, I've not forgot!"—holding up the key—"there, go and look at it."

Had he not seen the box at the watchmaker's that morning, he might very well have been deceived by this ingenious willingness. As it was, however, it simply recoiled upon her—it was so palpably a play.

"You mustn't think it was that, only, which brought me," he replied lightly, as he went over to the cabinet.

She followed him with a frown.

"I'm vain enough to fancy you may have come to see me, too," she answered, but with no reflex of the frown showing in her tones.

"It isn't vanity to fancy the truth," he replied, taking out the box, and carrying it to the rear window.

She watched him curiously, as he examined it, turning it slowly, and flashing the light along the polished cone.

"May I open it?" he asked, looking up suddenly at her.

"Why, surely!" with the inflection of surprise. "There isn't anything in it."

"I didn't imagine there would be," smiling blandly.

He turned back the lid and held it up to the window. It was as he thought—free of scratch or mark. And the job was well done; even a cloud of tarnish had been spread over the silver, so that, to all appearances, it had not been touched for weeks, with so much as a cleaning cloth.

He came back and sat down, bringing the snuff-box with him.

"It is not a mate of the one I had in mind," he remarked.

"Yes?" she said, with mild interest.

"In fact,"—leaning back and

looking at her through half-closed eyes, "it is the very one itself."

"Yes?" again, and with the same perfunctorily polite inflection.

"Pardon me! do I bore you?"

"Not at all," she smiled. "I should be glad to know something about the old trinket. I have often wondered where the Judsons got it, and whether it hasn't a history."

"Then the box is not yours?"

"Mine!" she inflected—"Oh! you don't understand, Mr. Landor. This is not my house; I rent it, furnished, from the Judsons, who are now in Europe. Do I look of those who buy gilt and glass cabinets?"

"No, you don't; but then, as some profound thinker remarked several years back—and a few others since—'looks are deceptive.' For instance: to look at the under side of this lid, one should never imagine, that a few hours ago it not only showed scarcely a trace of tarnish, but also had cut into it a date and a word in Greek."



From "The Woman in Question."

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"CLEVER," HE SAID, "CLEVER! WILL YOU SAY IT AGAIN?"

THE ARTIST AND THE LAW.

From E. P. Matour's "In the Wake of the Green Banner." (Scribner.)

"WHY should I not show my face to thee?" she went on. "Am I not pretty? Sidi-Malik told me that thou couldst picture all things that are in heaven and earth, except those we do not see,—Allah the Most Great and the djinns. I want thee to make me a picture of my father."

"Is not thy father dead?" he gasped.

"He is dead," she answered gravely.

"Then how can I make a picture of him? I never saw his face."

The thought of what the old ruffian must have been like made him laugh. But it all entered into Djeilma's calculations. She added very quietly, without looking at him:

"Then if thou canst do no more than paint pictures of living things, I would fain have thee make a likeness of myself. Sidi-Malik told me that he saw thee paint a caravan. Surely I must be more sightly than a camel?"

"Of a truth thou art beautiful," he admitted—and she looked pleased; she had been trying to force the acknowledgment for quite a while—"but does not the Koran forbid

the making of pictures of living men, women and animals?"

"Even so," she retorted. "The Persians are Moslem, too, are they not? In Syria, I saw Persian *soffars* make pictures of men, devils and lions on brass trays with a chisel."

"Then they were breaking the commands."

"Perhaps they were. Still, Allah will forgive our sins in the future as he forgave in the past. Couldst thou not make a picture of me if I were dead? Then where is the difference? Why should a man, who can gaze on a woman when she is dead, refuse to look at her when she is young and fair? I do not know all that is written in the Book, but this I know well; the Nazarenes make pictures, and the Persians make pictures, and they do not die. Then why should I not do as I please? Thou shalt be guilty of breaking the commands, not I. And why shouldst thou care? As a painter of pictures, thou breakest the commands every day of thy life, Sidi Leitoun."

"Thou art not afraid that the evil eye will gaze on this likeness of thine and thereby cause thy death?"

"Why should I?" she retorted with a smile. "I have talismans. Look!"

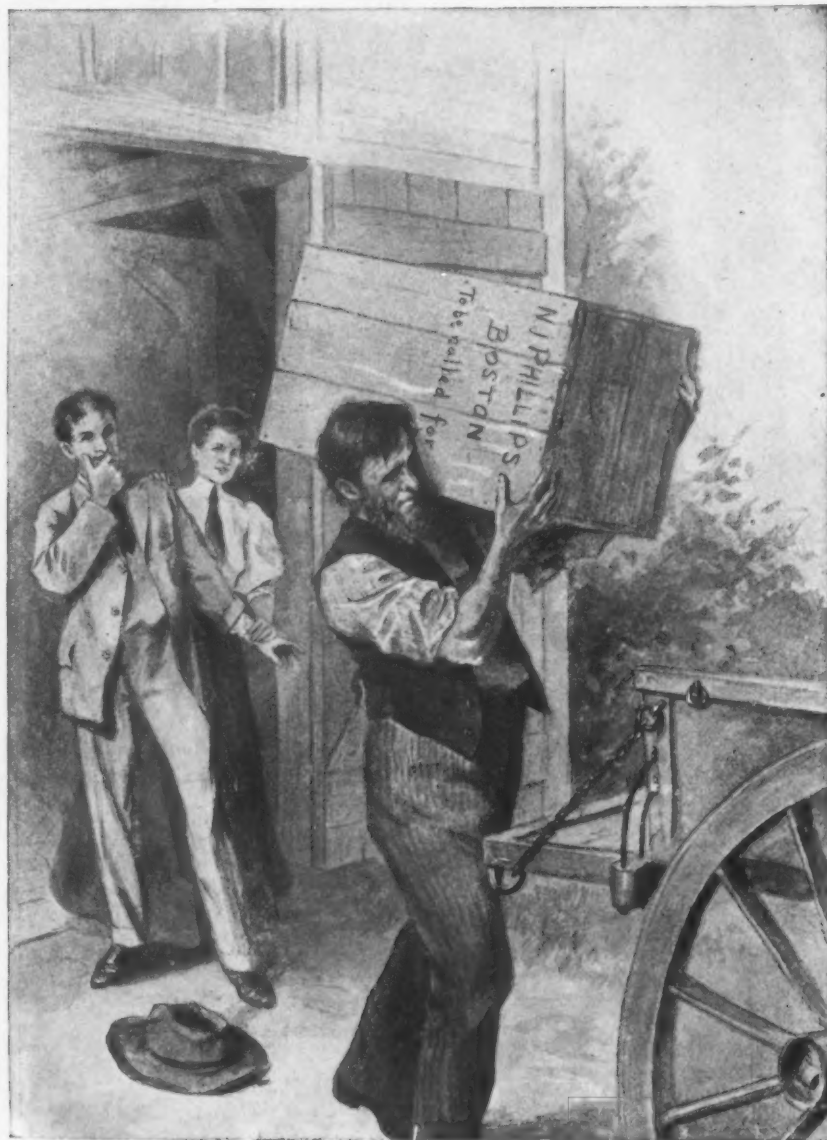
She drew from her bosom, not without some secret intent, he thought, a handful of strange-looking amulets. "And besides I will keep the picture with my jewels," she went on. "The evil look cannot reach through the sides of a coffer, can it?"

"Perhaps not. I am not learned in these things. Be that as it may, I cannot make thee a picture now; I came away from Marakesh without the tools of my craft. But when we reach Figuig I shall be able to obtain paints. I shall then ask Sidi-Malik whether he deems it proper to let thee sit."

At once she looked radiant.

"Why ask Sidi-Malik, sun of my heart?" she exclaimed. "He knows that picture-making is not proper. Did he not tell me himself that Nazarene picture-makers draw the body and not the garments."

At this moment a shot rang in the stillness. Djeilma got up abruptly. A glance told her that the attention of her companion was engaged. With a swift movement, she folded her arms around his neck and kissed him several times.



From "A Pair of Madcaps."

Copyright, 1909, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"SUTHIN' SLUMPED INSIDE."



From "Siena."

Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

VIEW OF SIENA FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

S. Domenico at the left, the Cathedral at the right.

HE WILL UNDERMINE SOCIAL BOSTON.

From Robert Grant's "The Chippendales."
(Scribner.)

"WHEN the issue is one which concerns the landmarks of the city, the men and women of our blood are not accustomed to hesitate or listen to specious argument. Your father would have been the first——"

Mr. Chippendale knew that this shibboleth would serve as a veritable trumpet-call. Before he could finish, his nephew was shaking his hand and saying, so emotionally that he felt embarrassed, for he abhorred scenes anywhere, and most of all in the street:

"He would have been the first; he would have been the first. I agree with you, I agree with you, Uncle Harrison. I simply wished to be absolutely sure that I was not carried away by my feelings. After I get a few more names I'm going straight to the Sphinx Club to stir up Morgan Drake and the other fellows. We'll educate public sentiment."

Henry's face was aglow, and, in spite of his own embarrassment, Mr. Chippendale's heart warmed toward him. He might be in love, but was he not a true Chippendale when it came to the scratch? As he thus reflected, he suddenly saw a queer change come over his nephew's expression as the result of bowing to some one who was passing. In another moment he heard him whisper:

"Talk of the devil! Did you notice who that was?"

Mr. Chippendale gazed at the back of the

receding figure, which was that of a man of sturdy build and energetic tread, and shook his head.

"Hugh McD. Blaisdeil—the villain in our piece—the man we were just speaking of."

Mr. Chippendale instinctively stiffened; nevertheless, he strained his eyes.

"I do not know him by sight," he said indifferently, though secretly he regretted that the opportunity to satisfy his curiosity was lost.

"People say he's the most enterprising man of his years in Boston."

"So I have been given to understand." Mr. Chippendale frowned. Had even the uncompromising Henry fallen a victim to the spell?

"His very bow is contagious. I might have been his nearest friend. That's an art in itself. My destiny seems to be to tread on people's feet, often the feet of those I like best," and again Henry laughed wistfully.

"As I have just told you, Henry, I do not know the individual who has just passed, by sight. I admit he is highly progressive—which, within proper limits, is a virtue—but from what I have heard and read of him, he is not the sort of man I admire—the sort of man whose standards I would have you and Chauncey imitate. Some people might call that a prejudice"—Mr. Chippendale could always be his own critic. "It may be I am old-fashioned. But that is my opinion." He augustly blew his nose with his silk pocket-handkerchief. "Mark my words, a man of this stamp, if not watched, is liable

in time to undermine the whole social structure of Boston."

There was a sympathetic gleam in Henry's eyes as he listened to this anathema. "Then we will watch him; watch him and fight him, if necessary, just as we are going to fight him on this subway business." He put out his hand again. "I agree with you entirely, Uncle Harrison. That's exactly the idea I have of him—and I scarcely know him. We seem to agree on everything to-day, don't we?"

THE PRETTY CHATEAU DES CARMES.

From F. Lee's "A Summer in Touraine." (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

It was inevitable that, having come so far as Le Lude, we should proceed a little further towards Jarze, which held forth the



Reduced illustration from "A Summer in Touraine." Copyright, 1909, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE CHATEAU DES CARMES.

prospect of an interesting chateau, since we were informed it had been built by Jean Bourre, the builder of Langeais. On our way there we came first to La Flèche and then to Bauge, both famous places. The former is celebrated for its military school, which, founded by Napoleon in 1808, in ecclesiastical buildings dating from about the middle of the seventeenth century, has produced many of France's finest soldiers. But this Prytanee interested us less than the

pretty Chateau des Carmes, a former convent near the bridge that crosses the Loire. There is also a chateau at Bauge,—a picturesque, weather-beaten building of the fifteenth century which is attributed to King René, who, according to legend, was very fond of this town and district. The former residence of the good King of Naples (he was surnamed "Le Bon" on account of his paternal character, his pacific government, his constant serenity under ill fortune, and his love for art and literature) is now the Bairie and Gendarmery. Its best preserved portions are the sculptured doorway to the tower facing the Place du Chateau and the winding staircase within, a staircase surmounted by a fan-vaulting on which are armorial bearings supposed to be those of King René. Whilst on the road from Bauge to Jarze you get a view, on the left, of the towers of the Chateau de Landifer, which should be visited if you wish to be able to say that you have explored the Sarthe thoroughly. Not professing to have set out to do that, we did not find the time to see this partly Renaissance, partly modern castle.

AT THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

From M. R. Rinehart's "The Man in Lower Ten." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

THE Cinematograph was finishing the program. The house was dark and the music had stopped, as it does in the circus just before somebody risks his neck at so much a neck in the Dip of Death, or the hundred-foot dive. Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE

IS THE DOOMED WASHINGTON FLIER, TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH. TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone, and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a porter in a white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the last car, one foot hanging free, was a man. His black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his coat was flying open in the wind. He was swung well out from the car, his free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose: in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was my bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No. His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two mile, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Alison West had gone. In front of us Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.

"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage beside us, back of the boxed. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

From Mrs. Pantons' "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures." (Brentano's.)

IN all the years I had known our town before I was married I never realized how near we were to the sea until I had come to live in the place. No railway existed between us and the coast; and I most devoutly wish that none had ever been brought there to desecrate the silence and old-world peace of that delightful district. Even before I knew it, Mrs. Craik, better known to the reading world as the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," had penetrated into the island and written more than one of her stories about it. "The Little Lychetts," a story long since forgotten, I am afraid, told all about the quarries and the stone-workers, while he of whom I speak as the Master, figured in that and also in "Agatha's Husband," a book which even in these days of ours is still, I believe, occasionally read. I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Craik in the country, but truly I never personally could get on with her. She was a "sweet" woman, with all the early Victorian virtues strongly developed. Nothing beyond the sanctity of the hearth appealed to her in the least, and she was a perfect survival of the days when a woman stayed at home and found in that home the one end and aim of her existence. I am not saying that she was wrong; I am only saying that she did not appeal to me; neither, at the same time, did I appeal to her. She was sentimental to her finger-tips, and I never could understand how she had forced herself to come out into the light of publicity and publish her many stories at all. I believe she did so from the noblest of motives; her mother and she were penniless, and her father's debts had to be paid; but she must have suffered tortures from the lionizing she had to endure. Though naturally she lived in the days when a celebrity's steps were not dogged by the ubiquitous photographer, and

when personal paragraphs did not make the life of any one in the least known to the public unendurable—or delightful, according to the manner in which one looks upon the matter! Even when I knew her she was very nice-looking, and I should think she had been a very pretty, round-faced, English-looking girl. She always dressed very quietly and soberly, and wore on her head a square of beautiful lace, brought together under the chin, where it was fastened by a pearl brooch. I never can understand even now why I did not like her, for so many people were her absolute slaves. She came to our town to visit the children of one of her old school-fellows. The children had early been left orphans, and were under the care of the same governess who had taught their mother and Mrs. Craik, and the children and the authoress were mutually attached. "Aunt Mary," as the governess was termed, shared my feelings towards Mrs. Craik, but at the same time very much admired her, and helped her in every way she could to bring up the small foundling who took the place of the children she never had in the authoress's most capacious heart. Indeed, I never knew any one so capable of loving as was Mrs. Craik; and though she certainly did not like me, she put up with me because she liked those belonging to me; and because she had made long expeditions among the cliffs with my father-in-law, to learn all about the quarries and to pick up some of the many superstitions indulged in by the women-folk in those parts.

LITTLE GRAINS OF WISDOM.

From "Pippins and Peaches." (Reilly & Britton Co.)

CONSIDERING the tone of the modern novel one dare not say that one's life is an open book.

The most tiresome man in the world is the one who has read everything and remembered it all.

Unhappiness is in not knowing what we want and killing ourselves to get it.

To the woman who dismantles a fashionable coiffure every night the fall of the Roman empire doesn't seem so much.

Woman's crowning glory is her hair. With so many falsified locks in vogue, there are many pretenders to the crown.

The difference between you and other people is that their money looks bigger and their troubles smaller.

Woman's smile is like a maxim; it often has a dozen meanings.

Two classes of individuals people the earth: those who make the best of everything and those who take it.

There are three things a woman can make out of nothing—a hat, a salad and an argument.

Certain popular books lead us to the belief that the unspeakable is not necessarily the unreadable.



From "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill"
Copyright, 1909, by Reilly & Britton Co.

"SAY, YOU'S A LOW-DOWN JEZEBEL SKUNK."

AN IDYLL OF CENTRAL PARK.

From Eaton and Underhill's "The Runaway Place."
(Holt.)

AROUND Saint Gaudens' golden group
A little child pursues his hoop,
Nor sees the twitching charger led
By Victory, above his head;
Of war and memories of war
He knows not; Life lies all before;
Just now sufficient for the day
It is to seize the moment's play;
And so around Saint Gaudens' group
The little child pursues his hoop.

Beyond the child we blithely mark
The long green garden of the Park,
And hear a call that will not down
For all the clamor of the town,
A Piper's call to run away
Until the weary feet can play,
Until the soul forgets its pain
And dares to be a child again:
The summoning grows fainter? Hark—
The Piper's marching up the Park!

CONJUGAL CONVERSATION.

From Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage à la Mode."
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"ELSIE FRENCH is just the wife for old Herbert—and, by George, she's in love with him!"

"A great deal too much in love with him!" said Daphne, sharply. The day was chilly, with a strong east wind blowing, and Daphne's small figure and face were enveloped in a marvellous wrap, compounded in equal proportions of Russian sables and white cloth. It had not long arrived from Worth, and Roger had allowed himself some jibes as to its probable cost. Daphne's "simplicity," the pose of her girlhood, was in fact breaking down in all directions. The arrogant spending instinct had gained upon the moderating and self-restraining instinct. The results often made Barnes uncomfortable. But he was inarticulate, and easily intimidated—by Daphne. With regard to Mrs. French, however, he took up the cudgels at once. Why shouldn't Elsie adore her man, if it pleased her? Old Herbert was worth it.

Women, said Daphne, should never put themselves wholly in a man's power. Moreover, wifely adoration was particularly bad for clergymen, who were far too much inclined already to give themselves airs.

"I say! Herbert never gives himself airs!"

"They both did—to me. They have quite different ways from us, and they make one feel it. They have family prayers—we don't. They have ascetic ideas about bringing up children—I haven't. Elsie would think it self-indulgent and abominable to stay in bed to breakfast—I don't. The fact is, all her interests and ideals are quite different from mine, and I am rather tired of being made to feel inferior."

"Daphne! what rubbish! I'm certain Elsie French never had such an idea in her head. She's awfully soft and nice; I never saw a bit of conceit in her."

"She's soft outside and steel inside. Well, never mind! we don't get on. She's the old America, I'm the new," said Daphne, half frowning, half laughing; "and I'm as good as she."

"You're a very good-looking woman, anyway," said Roger, admiring the vision of her among the warm browns and shining whites of her wrap. "Much better-looking than when I married you." He slipped an arm under the cloak and gave her small waist a squeeze.

Daphne turned her eyes upon him. In their black depths his touch had roused a passion which was by no means all tenderness. There was in it something threatening, something intensely and inordinately possessive. "That means that you didn't think me good-looking at all, as compared with—Chloe?" she said insistently.

"Really, Daphne!"—Roger withdrew his arm with a rather angry laugh—"the way you twist what one says! I declare I won't make you any more pretty speeches for an age."

Daphne scarcely replied; but there dawned on her face the smile—melting, provocative, intent—which is the natural weapon of such a temperament. With a quick movement she nestled to her husband's side, and Roger was soon appeased.

PREPARING FOR A VIOLENT END.

From L. Forsslund's "Old Lady Number 31."
(Century.)

ANGY's secret hope that Abe would change his mind and abandon the projected trip to the Beach remained unfulfilled, in spite of the fact that cold weather suddenly descended on the South Side, and the bay became first "scummed" over with ice, and then frozen so solid that all its usual craft disappeared, and the "scooters" took possession of the field.

Abe and Samuel held stubbornly to their reckless intentions; and the sisters, sharing Angy's anxiety, grew solicitous almost to the point of active interference. They withheld nothing in the way of counsel, criticism, or admonition which could be offered.

"Naow," said Mrs. Homan in her most commanding tones at the end of a final discussion in the big hall, on the evening before the date set for departure, "ef yew're bound, bent, an' determined, Brother Abe, to run in the face of Providence, yew want tew mind cne thing, an' wear yer best set of flannels ter-morrer."

"Sho, thar hain't no danger of me ketchin' cold," decried Abe.

"I didn't say yer thickest set of flannels; I said yer best. When a man gits throwed out onto the ice ker flump, the thickness of his clo'es ain't goin' to help him much. The fust thing I allus taught my husbands was to have everything clean an' whole on, when thar was any likelihood of a sudden death."

"Yew 'spect me tew go an' prink up fer a sudden death?" thundered Abraham. "I hain't never heard tell on a scooter a-killin' nobody yit it's them plagued ice-boats up State what—"

"That's all very well," persisted Mrs.

Homan, not to be diverted from her subject; "but when old Dr. Billings got run over by the train at Mastic Crossin' on Fourth o' July eight year ago, his wife told me with her own lips that she never would git over it, cuz he had his hull big toe stickin' out o' the end of his stockin'. I tell yew, these days we've got tew prepare for a violent end."

The patient Angy somewhat tartly retorted, that during the last week she had spent even more time upon Father's wardrobe than she had upon her own; while Abe inwardly rejoiced to think that for seven days to come—seven whole days—he and Angy would be free from the surveillance of the sisters.

Mrs. Homan, in no way nonplussed, boomed on:

"Thar, I most fergot about his necktie. 'Course, they don't dress up much at the Station; but jest the same that air tie o' yourn, Brother Abe, is a disgrace. I told yew yew'd spile it a-wearin' it tew bed. Naow, I got a red an' green plaid what belonged to my second stepson, Henry O. He never would 'a' died o' pneumony, either, ef he'd a-took my advice an' made himself a newspaper nightcap last time he substituted with the 'Savers. An' yew kin have that necktie jest as well as not. Naow, don't say a word; 'I'm better able to part with it 'n yew be not to take it."

THE CHOICE OF A BRIDAL COSTUME.

From Irene Osgood's "Servitude." (Estes.)

"THEY seem to have made up their mind that I am a bride," said Betty to Mrs. Jones, who had pushed herself right into the front of the crowd, "and as it pleases them to think so, why should I undeceive them?"

"And a bride you are, for our husband has sent word that he will visit the Grand Harem to-night, and it is so that you may receive him in a worthy manner that you are being dressed in this manner. Presently the jewels will be brought you. Oh, dear! you lucky young woman!

And now the slave who acted as lady of the wardrobe laid before Betty the six dresses from which she was to choose the one that she would wear.

The first dress was of pale pink.

"This is the dress that women wear when they first feel the beginning of love. Shouldst thou choose this one, Omar will be pleased, when he sees thee dressed in it. He will say to himself, 'Love must have a beginning like all other things.'"

But Betty shook her head and motioned for the pale pink dress to be laid aside.

The second dress was of blue.

"This is the dress which those wear whose love glows with a steady flame. It is the dress of the mother of children. It is the colour that those wear who await each night the home-coming of Sidi, the husband.

"This dress of flaming red," continued the slave, laying before Betty the third of the costumes, "is perhaps the one that thou wilt select. Think, beautiful lady, how it will become thee if thou standest to greet thy lover

against a background of sombre ilexes in the Italian garden, in making which a great landscape gardener gave his life. Or again suppose that he find thee stooping over the tall lilies. But the great charm of this dress is that it will delight the heart of thy husband that is to be. It is the colour that women wear who are passionately expectant of their husband's love. At the contact of this flame, his heart shall leap into fire. . . ."

"Oh, dear me, no," cried Betty. "Pack that dress away at once. Leap into fire! How very dreadful!"

Amidst the women the excitement grew greater and greater. When Betty refused the scarlet dress they all said "Oh!" and could not understand. For not one of them could believe that any woman should not love Omar, Omar, for whose favors each one of them would gladly have died.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" they said as the flaming dress was packed away, the dress that they would have worn gladly, though on the morrow it had proved itself a Nessus' tunic.

"Then there is a dress of gauze of silver, which wonderfully becomes a bride who is fair. And there is one that is of gold gauze which beautifully clothes women who are dark. But these dresses have no pleasing message to the bridegroom, who would say seeing thee either in silver or gold, 'She does not love me. She wishes wealth, not love. She is covetous'."

"If I choose any of these dresses," said Betty, "it would be one of these two. . . ."

"Hear, hear," said Mrs. Jones. "Make the men pay for their caprices is what I am inclined to say."

"But," continued Betty, "I wish neither for the Dey's love nor for his possessions, and that sixth dress is the one which I will wear."

The woman of the wardrobe opened great round eyes. The dresses fell from the hands of the attendants, and all the women who were looking on and who heard Betty pronounce her choice, cried "Oh! Oh! Oh!" in tones of amazement and threw their hands up in the air and looked into each other's eyes.

For the dress which Betty had chosen was all black.

"But lady," said the slave, "black is the colour of disgrace. Black is the color of shame. Black is not a colour to wear for one who awaits the bridegroom. It is offence to him. It is blasphemy. It is sacrilege. It insults the name of love. No lady wears black. It is not to be done. That dress was not brought here for thee to select. It was just shown thee so that dreading its ugliness thou shouldst be careful not to offend thy husband lest for punishment he should command thee ever to wear this appalling costume. No, no, no, thou art not punished! Thou must not wear black. Black is shame. Black is dishonour. Black is the death of all that is good."

"And therefore," said Betty firmly, "if one of these dresses is to be the one in which I am to meet Omar, as my husband, it is the black one that I choose. Let me have no more words. I am Sultana here, and I have spoken."

THYRZA THIRSTY TO KNOW.

From Alice Brown's "Story of Thyrza."
(Houghton Mifflin.)

THYRZA was taking lessons of Barton every day now. They were reading Virgil, and she felt very learned. One afternoon she looked up from her sight reading with a flushed face, beseeching in every line to be commended. She was a glutton for praise; she never got enough, and however fat with it she was, a word of reproof reduced her to penury. Barton had not known many differing types of people, and it sometimes seemed to him that Thyrza was the very queerest child he had ever met, and the least fitted to be a woman. She was so bent upon distinction, upon things that, he believed, belonged to what they called the intellectual life, and so burningly anxious to be cognizant of emotions with large names. Yet after all she was only a thin child with big eyes and freckles on her nose, dressed, most of the time, in a brown calico pathetically serviceable. To-day he had something to break to her. They sat in the faded, sombre room known as the library at the Gorse house, though there were but few books, because Judge Gorse had kept his law library in the little office out in the grounds. But the books here were in old leather bindings that gave forth a pungent smell. The chairs were covered in worn leather with brass tacks, and everything looked dignified and old. The room was always in order and always clean, but it affected sharp young senses, fresh from outdoor challenges, with a deadening as of things left a long time to grow musty and decay.

Thyrza looked up suddenly from her book and Barton noted how bright her eyes were, like those of some inquisitive young animal.

"This room smells like poison," she said.

Barton sprang to his feet.

"Heavens! Do you mean the air's bad?" Then, as the door and all the windows were open, and he could do nothing, he sat down again.

Thyrza was shocked at her implication.

"Oh, no, sir," she hastened to say. "I guess what I mean is it smells like an old book we've got. It's about poisoners. It's an awful old book—a very old book—and this air's just like it. I guess it's only the smell of leather."

"Well, you needn't scare a chap to death, with your poisons."

Thyrza sat contentedly with her eyes fixed on the time-softened backs of Michelet's France, in a kind of worshipful muse. It seemed as if there were nothing on earth so wonderful as to live in a quiet room and read from one book and look up to see another waiting for her.

"Only to think," she said wonderingly, "there's just one book at home,—except the Bible,—and here there's more than I could read in a month."

"Help yourself, Dryasdust," said Barton recklessly. "Drink deep. If any young woman can drown dull care in Gibbonses without regard to ribbonses (I thought of that this minute, talking right along just as I am now! ain't I smart!), why, I'm not the man to curb her. Well!" He settled himself

again, and began beating an accompaniment to his words with the pencil on his palm. He was often shy before Thyrza's intellectual curiosities. The pencil was a pedagogical symbol that kept him in heart. "We can't have more than an hour a day for a while," he announced. "My uncle's coming."

Thyrza looked at him and blanched. In her strangely alternated nature she had as wild a belief in ill fortune as in good. Her fears served to balance her outrageous hopes. "It's all over," her heart said, while she continued to look at him respectfully. "The Virgil will stop, the French will never be begun, and I shan't be educated."

A MODERN DAUGHTER AND FATHER.

From "The Inner Shrine." (Harper.)

DEREK was thinking over the incident in the luxurious semi-darkness of the electric brougham as they were going homeward, when the clear voice of Dorothea broke in on his meditation.

"Are you going to be married, father?"

The question could not be a surprise to him after the occurrence at the table, but he was not prepared to give an affirmative answer on the spur of the moment.

"What makes you ask?" he inquired, after a second's reflection.

"I heard what Mrs. Bayford said."

"And how should you feel if I were?"

"It would depend."

"On what?"

"On whether or not it was any one I liked."

"That's fair. And if it was some one whom you did like?"

"Then it would depend on whether or not it was—Diane."

"And if it was Diane?"

"I should be very glad."

"Why?"

She slipped her arm through his and snuggled up to him.

"Oh, for a lot of reasons. First, because I've always supposed you'd be getting married one day; and I've been terribly afraid you'd pick some one I couldn't get along with."

"Have I ever shown any symptom to justify that alarm?"

"N—no; but you can never tell—with a man."

"Can you be any surer with a woman?"

"No; and that's one of my other reasons. I'm not very sure about myself."

"You don't mean that it's to be young Wap—" he began, uneasily.

"I suppose it will have to be he—or some one else. They keep at me."

"And you don't know how long you may be able to hold out."

"I'm holding out as well as I can," she laughed, "but it can't go on forever. And then—if I do—"

"Well—what?"

"You'd be left all alone, and, of course, I should be worried about that—unless you—"

"Unless I married some one."

"No; not some one; no one—but Diane."

They were now at their own door, but before she sprang out she drew down his face to hers and kissed him.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

From S. M. Daring's "Love's Privilege."
(Lippincott.)

"GWYNNE," she said quite clearly and steadily, "I have something to tell you. I am going to be married."

It took a few seconds for the sense of the words to strike home and then Nora stood aghast at her own cruelty. For his breath caught sharply on a sob, the kind of sob a man gives who receives a bayonet thrust, his arms dropped limply from about her, he fell back against the frame of the open window as though he were indeed not sober.

"Married!" he repeated slowly as though the word meant nothing, and again "Married!"

Nora laid her hand on his arm.

"Gwynne, sit down," she said. "Indeed, indeed I am sorry to see you take it like this."

It was not at all what she had intended to say, but in a crisis what we have intended to say very seldom occurs to us. Nora went on.

"I can't pretend that I never suspected—that I wasn't afraid—"

"No, you can't, not honestly." Gwynne's voice was a little grim, the dulness of the first shock was over and the first suggestion of what the pain of it would be—later—was making itself felt. "You had better—tell me."

And listening sombrely, still leaning heavily against the window frame, he heard Nora's story. And as he listened his face changed and his eyes took on iridescent lights of lavender and green, the lights that play across molten steel. Brown eyes can deepen and glow, but what is most terrible in wrath and most tragic in woe can only be expressed by the blue. Nora faltered, she had reason, but she took her courage in both hands and went on with her tale—how clever Kenneth was! and how much was expected of him! How simple he was—and how good!

"Spare me his many excellencies," interrupted Gwynne quietly. "I shall kill him, I know I shall!"

"Gwynne!" said Nora faintly, and again "Gwynne!"

"I have no right to say so," he went on presently, his voice quite even and expressionless and unemotional. "I know that, too. A woman has the right of choice and you have made yours. But this isn't quite a case that falls under the ordinary conditions—because you were mine first. You have always been mine, only you didn't know it. You are a proud woman—and you won't like to hear it, but I have made you—very largely—what you are. Look back over your life, Nora. What has been the dominating influence? Mine."

"Ever since you left school I have guided your reading and formed your likes and dislikes and added to your accomplishments those that especially rendered you acceptable as a companion to myself. We have ridden together and fished together and shot together. There is not a taste I possess with which you do not sympathize, nor a thought in my mind you cannot share. You are mine, as much mine as the statue a sculptor moulds from the clay. Shall I be likely to give you

quietly up, do you think, to the first stranger who feels your charm!—to a beggarly Scotchman who happens to have had the luck to get himself talked about in the papers? I am quite serious and quite in earnest and quite sober, and I tell you again and plainly that I will kill him first."

"Gwynne!" Nora was trembling all over, but she laughed a little as a woman will if she thinks it available, however sharp be the terror that shakes her. "How can you be so ridiculous, so medieval!"

POST-MISTRESS, SEAMSTRESS AND FRENCH LAUNDRESS.

From Anne Warner's "In a Mysterious Way."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

"I'm so glad you feel able to undertake it, Mrs. Ray. I don't know how I ever could have managed it, if you'd said no. Mr. Wiley will have a new pig-pen this year, and the pigs never can pay for it themselves. So you were my only way to a new winter coat. I'm so glad you didn't say no. Besides it's father's suit, and I shall love to wear it for that reason, too."

"I never do say no to any kind of work, do I?" said Mrs. Ray, looking at the clock, and then all over the room; "this would be a nice time of life for me to begin to sit around and say no to work. What with Mr. Ray's second wife's children not all educated yet, and his first wife's children getting along to where they're beginning to be left widows with six apiece and no life insurance, I'm likely to want all the work I can get for some years, as far as I can see. Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Wiley sighed heavily.

"Mr. Wiley thinks we'd ought to insure our lives in favor of Lottie Ann," she said, feeling for her pocket-handkerchief at the thought; "she's so dreadful delicate—but I think it's foolish—she's so *dreadful* delicate."

"Why don't you insure Lottie Ann, then?" Mrs. Ray glanced at the clock again, frowned a little and puckered her lips. "If you don't mind taking that chair the cat's in, Mrs. Wiley, I believe I've got just about time enough to sprinkle the clothes before the mail comes in; it looks so to me."

Mrs. Wiley slowly and gravely exchanged seats with the cat. "Do you take much washing in now? I shouldn't think you had time."

"Time!" Mrs. Ray was dragging a clothes-basket from under the table and filling a dipper with water. "I never stop to think whether I have time or not, any more. 'He moves in a mysterious way—' there's where my motto comes in again. Yes, indeed. I move just the same way myself. I don't see how I get so much done, but I've no time to stop and study over it, or I'd be behind just that much. There's more than you wonder where I get time from, Mrs. Wiley. They asked me if I had time for the post-office. And I said I had. They asked me first if I could read and write, and I said I could; and then they asked me if I had time, and I said I had. And that settled it."

"Why, Mrs. Ray," said Mrs. Wiley, watch-

ing the clothes-sprinkling, which was now going forward, attentively, "that's one of the waists from that girl at Nellie O'Neil's, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. She asked Nellie for a French laundress, and Nellie put her shawl right over her head and run up and asked me if I had time for that, too. I said I was willing to try, so I'm French laundress too, now. 'He moves'—"

"What do you think of those two young people at Nellie's, anyway?" Mrs. Wiley dropped her voice confidentially. "I was meaning to ask you that, right at first."

"Well, if you ask *me*," said Mrs. Ray, "I can't make him out, and I think she's mooney. I'm a great judge of mooney people ever since I first knew Mr. Ray, and that girl looks very mooney to me. Look at her coming here and hiking right over and buying the Whittacker house next day—a house I wouldn't send a rat to buy—not if I had a real liking for the rat. And now the way she's pulling it to pieces and nailing on new improvements, with the trees all boxed up, as though trees weren't free as air—oh, she's mooney, very mooney—yes, indeed."

HOW THE MATCH WAS PLANNED.

*From A. Otis's "Hearts are Trumps."
(McBride Co.)*

"I WAS just going to explain things to you, about Beatrice, you know," said Fielding. "You must have remarked her rather peculiar treatment of me?"

"She has been somewhat cool to you, and it made me wonder what was in the wind," acknowledged Sam. "There is nothing wrong about this business?" he added seriously.

"Nothing wrong when you understand how deeply and devotedly I love her," returned the actor impressively. "I have been obliged to employ a little artifice to manage her and to bring her family to my way of thinking—all's fair in love, you know."

"Trite but true," commented the facetious Sears.

"She was a bit stage-struck, you see," explained Fielding, "and was quite willing to meet me for little dinners about town, and the like, but I could not bring her to the point of saying she would marry me; so I sent a letter to her father, unsigned, of course, saying that if he would go to a certain restaurant he would find his daughter dining privately with the actor, Fielding. The scene that followed was dramatic in the extreme—irate parent, tearful mother, vengeful brother-in-law, indignant protests from the young lady, and all the rest of it. I handled them all with kid gloves; and, as a result, the engagement was announced."

His own conduct didn't seem so black the way he told the story, suppressing the all-important feature of the comedy she had written. Sam was his friend, liked and admired him, was even prone to find excuses for him. Fielding led him by the nose, as he did every one who fell under the glamour of his influence.

"It's a bit rough on the girl, isn't it?" was Sam's only protest.

"Not when you consider that the whole story is kept in the family, and that she would have been glad to marry me anyway, had she considered me her social equal," asserted Fielding.

"Then she still really cares for you at heart?" asked Sears.

"I am confident I have her love," declared the actor. "It's her pride I have to conquer. She is a spirited creature, but I shall see to it that she is a submissive wife. That is one result I have hoped to accomplish by this unpleasant but necessary artifice."

"It's a clever one," chuckled the jovial but unscrupulous Sam. "Like a play, isn't it? Wonder if she has confided her troubles to that young minister?"

"You don't think that possible?" cried Fielding in evident alarm.

"You never can tell. Women take to the clergy like ducks to water," philosophized Mr. Sears.

TWO KINDS OF VIRGINIA PRIDE.

*From Ellen Glasgow's "Romance of a Plain Man."
(Macmillan.)*

ALL the pity went out of me, and I felt only a blind sense of irritation at the artificial values, the feminine lack of grasp, the ignorance of the true proportions of life. I grew suddenly hard, and something of this hardness passed into my voice when I spoke.

"I stand or fall by own worth and by that alone," I returned, "and your niece, if she marries me, will stand or fall as I do. I ask no favours, no allowances, even from her."

Withdrawing her hand from mine, Sally took a single step forward, and stood with her eyes on the faces that showed so starved and wan in the firelight.

"Don't you see—oh, can't you see," she asked, "that it is because of these very things that I love him? How can I separate his past from what he is to-day? How can I say that I would have this or that different—his birth, his childhood, his struggle—when all these have helped to make him the man I love? Who else have I ever known that could compare with him for a minute? You wanted me to marry George Bolingbroke, but what has he ever done to prove what he was worth?"

"Sally, Sally," said Miss Mitty, sternly, "he had no need to prove it. It was proved centuries before his birth. The Bolingbrokes proved themselves to their king before this was a country—"

"Well, I'm not his king," rejoined Sally, scornfully, "so it wasn't proved to me. I ask something more."

"More, Sally?"

"Yes, more, Aunt Mitty, a thousand times and ten thousand times. What do I care for a dead arm that fought for a dead king? Both are dust to-day, and I am alive. No, no, give me, not honour and loyalty that have been dead five hundred years, but truth and courage that I can turn to to-day—not chivalric phrases that are mere empty sound, but honesty and a strong arm that I can lean on."

Miss Matoaca's head had dropped as if from weariness over her thin breast, which

palpitated under the piece of old lace, like the breast of a wounded bird. Then, as the girl stopped and caught her breath sharply from sheer stress of feeling, the little lady looked up again and straightened herself with a gesture of pride.

"Do not make the mistake, Sally," she said, "of thinking that a humble birth means necessarily greater honesty than a high one. Generations of refinement are the best material for character-building, and you might as easily find the qualities you esteem in a gentleman of your own social position."

"I might, Aunt Matoaca; but, as a matter of fact, have I? Until you have seen a man fight can you know him? Is family tradition, after all, as good a school as the hard world? A life like Ben's does not always make a man good, I know, but it has made him so. If this were not true—if any one could prove to me that he had been false or cruel to any living creature—man, woman, or animal—I'd give him up to-day and not break my heart—"

It was true, I knew it as she spoke, and I could have knelt to her.

"You are blind, Sally, blind and rash as your mother before you," returned Miss Mitty.

"No, Aunt Mitty, it is you who are blind—who see by the old values that the world has long since outgrown—who think you can assign a place to a man and say to him, 'You belong there and cannot come out of it.' But, oh, Aunt Matoaca, surely you, who have sacrificed so much for what you believe to be right—who have placed principle before any claims of blood, surely you will uphold me—"

"My child, my child," replied the poor lady, with a sob, "I placed principle first, but never emotion—never emotion."

"Poor Sarah was the only one of us who gave up everything for the sake of an emotion," added Miss Mitty, "and what did it bring her except misery?"

Our cause was lost—we saw it at the same instant—and again Sally gave me her hand and stood side by side with me in the fire-light.

"I am sorry, dear aunts," she said gently, and turning to me, she added slowly and clearly, "I will marry you a year from to-day, if you will wait, Ben."

GEOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

From J. J. Bell's "Oh! Christina." (Revell.)

WHAT for are ye greetin', auntie? Is it an awfu' sad story ye're at?"

Miss Purvis looked up from the novelette, and wiped her eyes hurriedly and in a somewhat shamefaced manner.

"I—I fear I've got a cold in my head, Christina," she said apologetically, unable to meet her niece's keen gaze. "A cold in my head always makes my eyes water, you know," she went on. "But don't trouble about me, Christina. Get on with your geography, like a good girl."

"A cauld in the heid should mak' ye sneeze. Yer nose is a wee thing rid, but that's wi' greetin', auntie. I've been watchin' the tears comin' oot yer e'en an' playin' pap on the paper. What's the story about?"

"I have already told you to get on with your lessons, Christina," said Miss Purvis, with sundry sniffs.

"Hooch, ay! But are ye no' gaun to tell us what ye was greetin' aboot?"

"Certainly not. You are much too young to understand anything about the tragedies of life, my dear." Miss Purvis's voice became soft.

"Och, I've read dizzens o' thae wee stories," said Christina. "An' I've been gey near greetin' masel' whiles. Are ye jist at the second last chapter, auntie? Ay, that'll be whaur ye are."

"How do you know that?" Miss Purvis regarded with surprise her niece, who was seated too far away to have read the small type of the novelette.

"I jist guessed. The second last chapter's aye a bit sad," said Christina. "But it a' comes oot in the wash in the last chapter," she added cheerfully. "It's a peety ye canna keep mind o' that at the sad bits. Eh, auntie?"

Miss Purvis smiled slightly. "I'm afraid the stories would not be so interesting if we always remembered that," she said.

Christina did not speak for fully a minute. Her expression was thoughtful.

"Auntie!"

"Yes, dear?"

"I suppose ye like the love-stories the best?"

"Oh, well——" Miss Purvis hesitated. "Most of the stories I read now are what one might call love-stories. But I used to read other books a great deal—Carlyle, and Ruskin, and——"

"Was they murder stories?"

"Dear me, no! What an idea! They weren't stories at all. They were—well, some day you must read them, too, or perhaps I shall read them to you. They are very inspiring."

"Are they? I think I like love-stories the best, tae," said Christina. "My! it's fine when ye come to a rale lovey-dovey bit whaur the young man proposes——"

"I think I had better hear you repeat some of your lessons now," said Miss Purvis. "What about your history and geography?"

"Aw, there's nae hurry for them. But d'ye no' get angry at the bad yins, auntie?"

"Of course," Miss Purvis replied, rather firmly, "but we should not allow the desire for cruel vengeance to animate our——"

"Och, I believe ye wud knock the stuffin' oot the bad yins, if ye got the chance, auntie!" auntie!"

"Hush, Christina! You must not use such language. Try to remember that it is unmaidenly, and that it hurts me."

"I'll try," said Christina agreeably. "I say, auntie, did ye ever see onybody proposin'?"

"No, indeed! Give me your geography."

Christina unwillingly handed over the slim volume.

"Now, Christina, where is Liverpool situated, and for what is it noted?"

"We had that last week," said Christina. "Ye're at the wrang page. My! I wud like fine to see a proposal. Me an' Jessie Ann

M'Kirdy followed Miss Carvey an' a young gentleman for three mile on Sunday efter-nune, awa' through the woods, thinkin' he was gaun to propose, but——"

"Christina!" Miss Purvis exclaimed in a horrified voice. "What a shocking thing to do!"

"But he didna propose."

"I mean that it was shocking of you to spy upon people. You must never do it again."

"But I bet Jessie Ann a farden's worth o' slim-jim he wud propose next Sunday. We've been keepin' an e'e on them for a while back."

"That will do, Christina," said Miss Purvis severely. "I am shocked and grieved at your want of delicacy. But I may tell you that the young gentleman has been betrothed to Miss Carvey since Christmas."

"D'ye mean engaged?"

"I do."

"Weel, that's an' awfu' drap," said Christina sadly. "I suppose Jessie Ann'll ha'e to get the slim-jim."

"Are you in the habit of laying wagers with Jessie Ann M'Kirdy?" The voice of Miss Purvis was then nearer to being "awful" than it had ever been, to Christina's ears, at least.

"Layin' what?" the girl stammered.

"You spoke just now of a bet——"

"Oh, that's what ye mean." Christina hesitated.

"Answer me truthfully, Christina. Are you in the habit of betting with Jessie Ann?"

"Whiles," replied Christina, at last, with an effort. "But"—her face cleared a little—"I never lost till this time, auntie."

THE FIRST CAUSE OF ALL ROMANCE.

From J. C. Snaith's "Araminta." (Moffat, Yard.)

I LAY stress upon the time—twenty-seven minutes past four—for that is the hour at which this history really begins. Then it was that a four-wheeled vehicle of a rapidly disappearing type drew up before the imposing front door of the house in Hill Street. Upon the roof of the "growler" was a dilapidated wooden box, insecurely tied with a cord which had been pieced in three places. And seated modestly enough in its interior was—well, the First Cause of All Romance.

I cannot say more than that. There she was. The first thing appertaining to her that was projected from the dim recesses of the "growler" was her straw hat. Now, as I think I have already observed, there is a great deal in a hat. They are full of character—straw hats especially. And as it is the duty of a historian to extenuate nothing, it has to be said that this was a preposterous hat altogether. In the first place, its dimensions were certainly remarkable; it flopped absurdly; there was a sag of the brims which was irresistibly impossible; while as for the general condition and coutour of the hat, the less said upon that subject the better.

In general shape, design, and texture, this primitive article was more like an inverted vegetable basket than anything else. Unmistakably rustic, even in its prime, it was now old, discolored, and misshapen; and the piece of black ribbon that had adorned it in its

youth was really not fit for the West End of London. Purchased of the general outfitter of Slocum Magna for the sum of one and elevenpence halfpenny in the spring of 1900, I am not concerned to deny that it was as rudimentary a form of headgear as was ever devised by the very remote district to which it owed its being. It had absolutely no business at all in that chaste thoroughfare which for many years past has been dedicated to the usage of fashion.

I am taking up a lot of time over the hat, although I am aware that my readers are saying, "Bother the hat! Tell us what is underneath it." Precisely. All in good time. But it is my duty to set down things in the exact order they emerged from the dim recesses of the "growler." The inverted vegetable basket was the first to emerge undoubtedly. And then came the tip of a chin. It was inclined at a furtive angle of feminine curiosity. Although only the extreme tip of it was visible, the preposterous headgear which overshadowed it really ought not to be mentioned on the same page with it. For there can be no question that the chin was the work of a very great Artist indeed.

HE'S GOT THAT NEW LOOK.

From Galsworthy's "Fraternity." (Putnam.)

A BUZZ of conversation fell on Cecilia's ears.

"Have you seen the 'Aftermath?' It's really quite wonderful!"

"Poor old chap! he's so rococo. . . ."

"There's a new man. . . ."

"She's very sympathetic. . . ."

"But the condition of the poor. . . ."

"Is that Mr. Balladyce? Oh, really. . . ."

"It gives you such a feeling of life. . . ."

"Bourgeois! . . ."

The voice of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace broke through: "But do please tell me who is that young girl with the young man looking at the picture over there. She's quite charming!"

Cecilia's cheeks went a very pretty pink.

"Oh, that's my little daughter."

"Really! Have you a daughter as big as that? Why, she must be seventeen!"

"Nearly eighteen!"

"What is her name?"

"Thyme," said Cecilia, with a little smile. She felt that Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace was about to say: "How charming!"

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace saw her smile and paused. "Who is the young man with her?"

"My nephew, Martin Stone."

"The son of your brother who was killed with his wife in that dreadful Alpine accident? He looks a very decided sort of young man. He's got that new look. What is he?"

"He's very nearly a doctor. I never know whether he's quite finished or not."

"I thought perhaps he might have something to do with Art."

"Oh, no, he despises Art."

"And does your daughter despise it, too?"

"No; she's studying it."

"Oh, really! How interesting! I do think

the rising generation amusing, don't you? They're so independent."

Cecilia looked uneasily at the rising generation. They were standing side by side before the picture, curiously observant and detached, exchanging short remarks and glances. They seemed to watch all these circling, chatting, bending, smiling people with a sort of youthful, matter-of-fact, half-hostile curiosity. The young man had a pale face, clean-shaven, with a strong jaw, a long, straight nose, a rather bumpy forehead which did not recede, and clear grey eyes. His sarcastic lips were firm and quick, and he looked at people with disconcerting straightness. The young girl wore a blue-green frock. Her face was charming, with eager, hazel-grey eyes, a bright colour, and fluffy hair the colour of ripe nuts.

"That's your sister's picture, *The Shadow*, they're looking at, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Talents Smallpeace.

BIBLE THOUGHTS IN TRAVELLERS TO-DAY.

From Frank T. Lee's "*Sidelights on the Bible*."
(Winston.)

BEFORE reaching Palestine, the traveler will have already had a taste of the satisfaction to be experienced from beholding places and lands outside of it which are referred to in the Scriptures. It is a memorable experience, for instance, when, for the first time, he comes into the region of Paul's journeys, whose track he will afterward frequently cross; at Rome where he was imprisoned, wrote several of his most spiritual epistles, was tried, perhaps finally executed; at the Puteoli mole, now mostly, though not altogether, in ruins, where he landed after the voyage from Malta on his way to Rome. He looked upon the same natural scenes which the traveler now beholds, the same beautiful bay of Naples, the same smoking Vesuvius, the same Pompeii, whose remains, after being long buried in volcanic ashes, are now quite largely uncovered. How vivid and interesting the 27th chapter of Acts, describing Paul's voyage and shipwreck becomes, as one sails over nearly the same course! During those terrible days of darkness and danger, the apostle was the most calm and hopeful of all on board, cheering them all, because of his sense of the presence of his unseen Lord. In sailing along the southern coast of Crete, the incidents connected with the earlier part of that voyage are brought vividly to mind. A day spent among the ruins of the once famous Ephesus, in which marble predominates, will prove to be of profoundest interest. The location of the open theater, which was scooped out of a hillside, and whose rising tiers of seats were capable of accommodating as many people as, or more than, our modern colosseums, is still plainly visible. The uproar set in motion by the silversmiths because Paul's teachings had begun seriously to effect their trade, is made very real as one reads the account in Acts xix afresh. Here, too, in Ephesus, no doubt John the beloved disciple once lived, perhaps died. The island of Patmos to which he was banished is not far away.

MERCIE'S "GLORIA VICTIS."

From Glaspell's "*The Glory of the Conquered*."
(Stokess.)

"How do you like it?" asked Ernestine, following Dr. Parkman's eyes to her favourite bronze, a copy of Mercie's Gloria Victis, which she had unpacked just that day and given a place of honour on the mantle.

"It's so Christian," he objected laughingly.

"A defeated man being borne aloft? I call it the very essence of Christianity. I can see submission and renunciation and other objectionable virtues in every line of it."

"Go after it, Parkman," laughed Karl. "Ernestine and I all but came to blows over it. I wanted her to buy a Napoleon instead. I tell her there is no glory in defeat."

"I don't think of it as the glory of defeat," said Ernestine. "I think of it as the glory of the conquered."

They were all looking at the bronze and Ernestine looked from one face to another, trying to understand why it moved none of them as it had her. Karl's face was very purposeful to-night, reflecting the stimulus of his talk with his friend. Filled with enthusiasm for this fight he was making, he had no eye in this hour for the triumph of the vanquished.

"Why I don't want to submit," he laughed just then. "I want to win!"

"An idea which has done a great deal of harm," observed Dr. Parkman. "That 'you'll-get-your-reward-somewhere-else' doctrine is the worst possible armour for life. The poets, of course, have always coddled the weak, but I see more poetry in the to-hell-with-defeat spirit myself."

She too turned to the statue. Were they right, and she wrong? Was it just the art of it, the effectiveness, which moved her, and was the thought back of it indeed weakening sentimentality?

"Defend it, Ernestine," laughed Karl; and then, affectionately, seeing her seriousness, "Tell us what *you* see in it."

Dr. Parkman turned from the statue to her. He never forgot her face as it was then.

"But don't you *see*? The keynote of it is that stubborn grip on the broken sword. I should think every fighter would love it for that. And it is more than the glory of the good fight. It is the glory of the unconquerable will. Look at the woman's face! The world calls him beaten. *She* knows that he has won. I see behind it the world's battlefields—way back from the first I see them all, and I see that the thing which has shaped the world is not the success or failure of individual battles one-half so much as it is this wresting of victory from defeat by simply *breathing* victory even after the sword has been broken in the hand. What we call victory and defeat are incidents—things individual and temporal. The thing universal and eternal is this immortality of the spirit of victory. Why, every time I look at that grip on the broken sword,"—laughing now, but eyes shining—"I can feel the world take a bound ahead!"

WILLIAM CHURNS BUTTER FOR MINERVA.

From F. B. Calhoun's "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. (Reilly & Britton Co.)

"I RECKON the butter's done come," he announced, resting from his labors.

"It hasn't begun to come yet," replied the exasperated woman. "Don't waste so much time, William."

The child churned in silence for the space of two minutes, and suggested: "It's time to put hot water in it; Aunt Cindy always puts hot water in it. Lemme git some fer you."

"I never put hot water in my milk," said she, "it makes the butter puffy. Work more and talk less, William."

Again there was a brief silence, broken only by the sound of the dasher thumping against the bottom of the churn, and the rattle of the dishes.

"I sho' is tired," he presently remarked, heaving a deep sigh. "My arms is 'bout give out, Aunt Minerva. Ole Aunt Blue-Gum Tempy's Peruny Pearline see a man churn with his toes; lemme git a chair an' see if I can't churn with my toes."

"Indeed you shall not," responded his annoyed relative positively.

"Sanctified Sophy knowed a colored 'oman what had a little dog went roun' an' roun' an' churn fer her," remarked Billy after a short pause. "If you had a billy goat or a little nanny I could hitch him to the churn fer you ev'ry day."

"William," commanded his aunt, "don't say another word until you have finished your work."

"Can't I sing?" he asked.

She nodded permission as she went through the open door into the dining-room. Returning a few minutes later she found him sitting astride the churn, using the dasher so vigorously that the buttermilk was splashing in every direction, and singing in a clear, sweet voice:

"He'll feed you when you's naked,
The orphan stear he'll dry,
He'll clothe you when you's hongry
An' take you when you die."

Miss Minerva finished the churning herself.

READ THE OLD BOOKS AGAIN.

AMONG the puzzling mysteries is that a people that has waked up to the real meaning of art in painting, sculpture and music, and that wanders through the world looking for the old and unique, seems to limit its demands in literature to new books. And what they miss! Find out this summer how well you can spare the newest books. Take with you some volumes of *The Oxford Thackeray*, arranged and edited by George Saintsbury, and some volumes of the *Oxford India Paper* edition of Charles Dickens; re-read "Les Miserables" in the beautiful edition Thomas Nelson & Sons have prepared; or, learn what the world owes Meredith, also in the *New Century Library* published by the same house. All the old works of power are included in the reprints of the Lamb Publishing Co., in the *Everyman's Library*, and the *Oxford English Classics*. One edition is prettier than the other. Read the old books again!



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From "Oh! Christina!"

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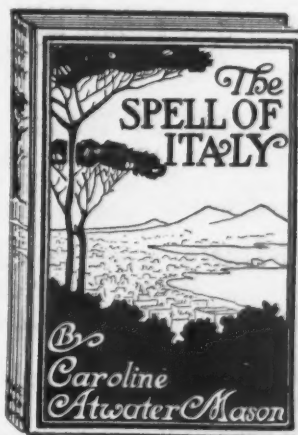
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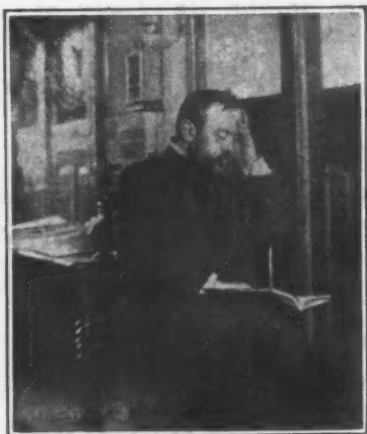
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Buslayev, Russkaya Grammatica, 5th ed.
 Sturgis, Little Comedies.
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 1850.

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 Dunbar Family Chart.
 Mackenzie, Alex., Voyages. N. Y., 1902.
 Am. Jewish Hist. Soc. Proceedings, no. 17.

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Drake, Book of the Indians.

Rand, Book of Genesis, in Micmac.

Cooke, Conquest of New Mexico and Cal.

Fremont, Memoirs, vol. 1. 1887.

Fremont, Jessie B., A Year of American Travel. 1878.

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Hinton, Negroes in Negroland.

Warren, A Doctor's Experience. 1885.

Why the Solid South. Balt., 1890.

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Catholic University Bulletin; Cath. Quart. Rev.

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International League of Press Clubs, 9th, 1899.
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